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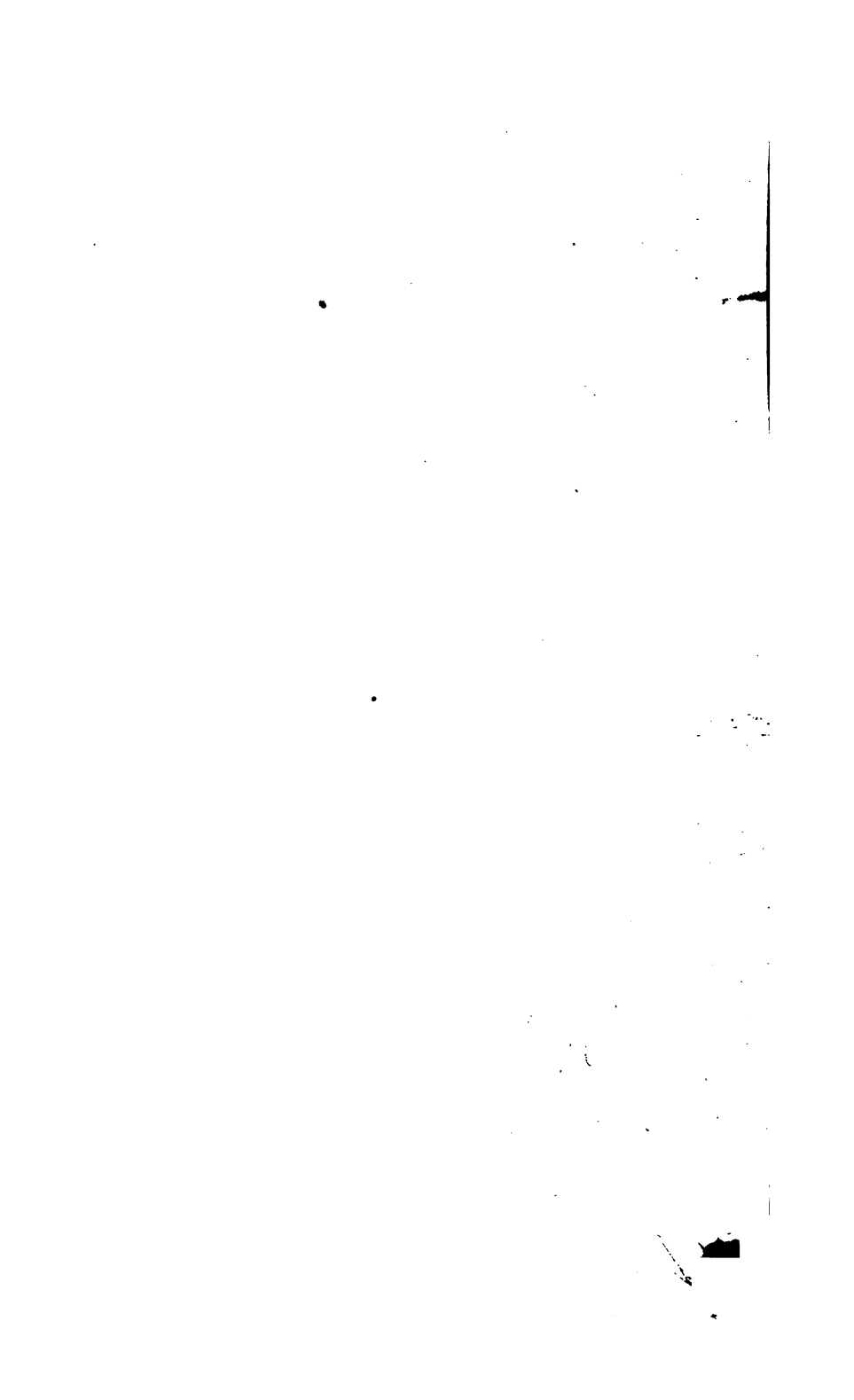
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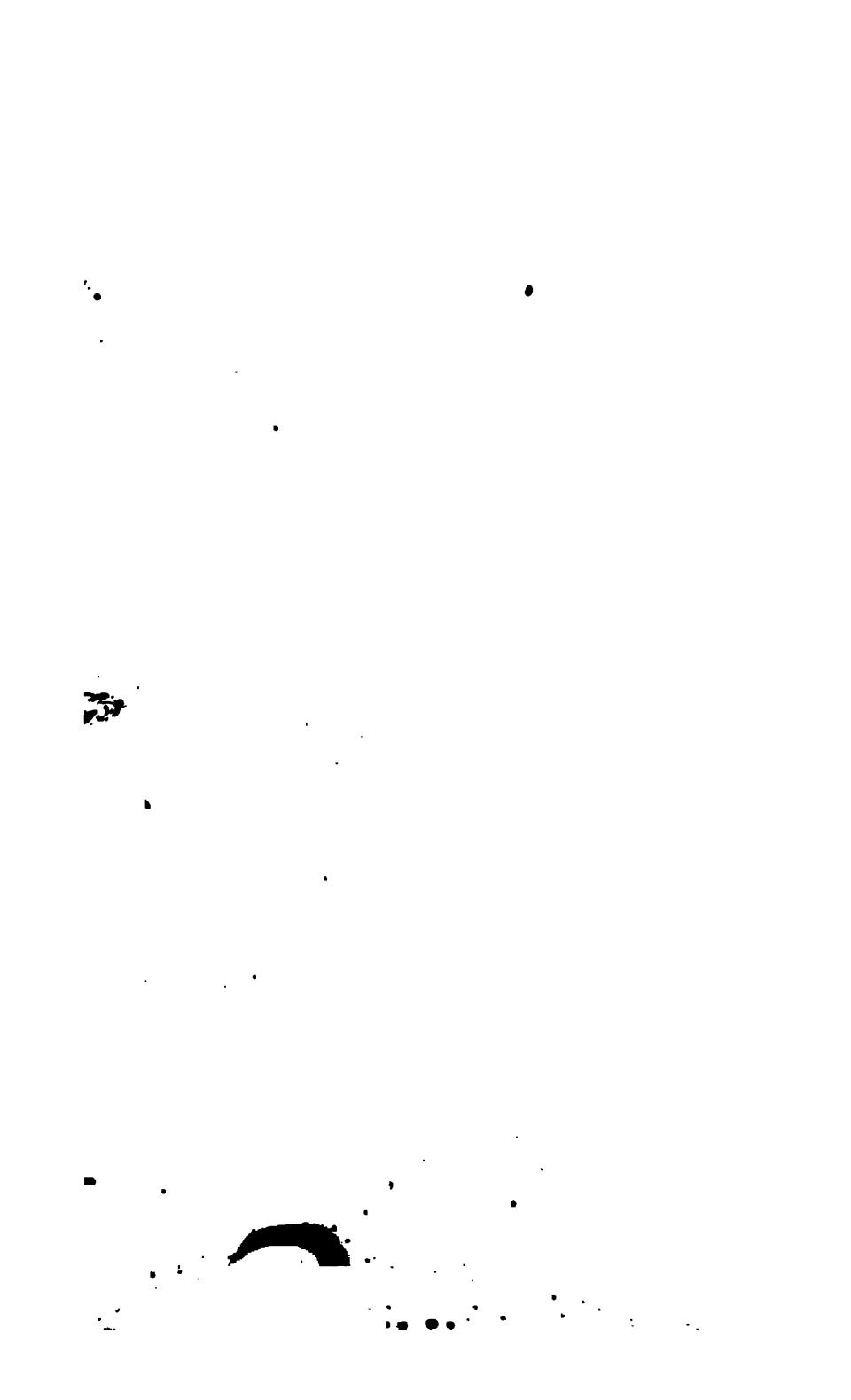












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THE  
LOG-CABIN;

• OR,

THE WORLD BEFORE YOU.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THREE EXPERIMENTS OF LIVING,"  
"SKETCHES OF THE OLD PAINTERS," ETC.

by  
Mrs Hannah F. ...  
... ..



"Now, as in the day of Moses, or Jesus, he who is faithful to Reason, and  
Conscience, Affection, and Faith, will, through these, receive an inspiration  
to guide him all his journey through."

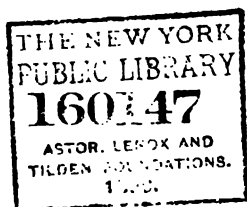
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1844.

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ROY WEBB  
CLARK  
VIA GEL



LONDON :

PRINTED BY RICHARD KINDER, GREEN ARBOUR COURT,  
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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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THE following work is a reprint from the American edition which has just appeared. As stated in the title-page, it is the production of a mind that has already acquired a well merited celebrity on both sides of the Atlantic by her pleasing and instructive contributions to American literature, under the titles, "*Three Experiments of Living*," and "*Sketches of the Old Painters*."

"*The Log-Cabin ; or, the World before You*," is a very interesting narrative of American life, including a vivid sketch of an early settler's experiences in the Forests of the West.

The tale is told with beautiful simplicity and clearness, and every fit opportunity is seen and seized, whereby the principles and necessity of moral and intellectual culture may be set forth, and inculcated with effect.

"The work has specially for its object the welfare of young persons going forth into the world, to lay the foundation of their prosperity in life ; and the able and accomplished author has distinctly pointed out what is the true foundation of all that deserves to be called prosperity." But although the book

he ostensibly designed to influence *young persons* when entering "into life," it is by no means incapable of affording a pleasing interest in the career of the "hero" to minds of maturer growth.

To make the book more complete and convenient for the reader, a considerable improvement has been effected beyond the American edition, through indicating the various incidents of the narrative by appropriate names at the top of each page.

The present volume is intended by the Publisher to form the first of a series of judiciously selected works, embracing various departments of literature, which he will continue in the same form and style, should this one meet with a reception by the public sufficient to warrant the attempt.

*London, August 1st, 1844.*

# THE LOG CABIN ;

OR,

THE WORLD BEFORE YOU.

## Part First.

A SEASON of leisure has arrived, and I improve it to fulfil my promise to you. I think you will be disappointed in my narrative, for there is probably nothing more marvellous in my life than in your own ; my days, however, have run in a very different course, and perhaps the very contrast they afford to the cultivated and even tenor of yours will give an interest to my simple narrative. My birth was one of unconscious privation ; my mother died in giving her first and only child existence. My father was a sea-faring man—had risen from a common sailor to be second and first mate, and at the time of my birth was engaged to go in a vessel as captain. The sudden death of my mother, and the new tie of a helpless little being like myself, at first overpowered him ; but my maternal grandmother stood ready to lighten his burden. "Let the dear child be brought to me," said she ; "I will do the best I can for him."

My father gladly accepted the offer, assuring her that the "poor little boy" should never cost her a farthing—that he

would make constant remittances—would keep written directions, in case of his sudden death, to be transmitted to her. I was laid carefully in my cradle, and thus conveyed to the dwelling of my grandmother. In a few days my father took leave of her and sailed for foreign lands. I do not know to what age reminiscences may be traced. I am sure mine began very early. I recollect being rocked to sleep in my grandmother's lap, and still more vividly the sweet rest I experienced as I laid my head against her bosom, which formed a soft and ample pillow for it. She had other grandchildren, but they had parents, and lived with them, sheltered and protected. I was, but for her, a houseless, solitary being; and she loved me the more dearly on that account. We soon became all the world to each other. My father's roving life was unfavourable to the cultivation of paternal affection. When he occasionally returned to my native place, and saw me, I verily believe he looked upon me more in pity than in love. "You are making a girl of him," said he to my grandmother. "He will never be good for anything." This was in some measure true. I lived much the kind of life that she did, which was a humble, contented one, with just means enough to supply the actual necessities of life, without hard labour. She took in sewing, and you will smile when I tell you that I sat by her side with my thread-case and thimble, hemming and stitching as diligently as a girl. I never associated with the boys in the street, and I felt no want of society. My grandmother was a songster in her youth, and, though her voice had grown husky, and her teeth, which in scripture language are called "the daughters of music," had somewhat failed—yet to my ear there rose strains of blessed harmony. I say to my ear—I ought rather to say to my heart, for it was on the chords of that the notes were sounding. She was my teacher in singing, and after I learnt her old songs, with their appropriate melody, I invented tunes to my favourite poems and ditties, for which I had an excellent

memory, and rather to my grandmother's annoyance, was fond of singing Goldsmith's "Edward and Angelina" to a tune of my own composing.

These were happy days, and I lived thus to my tenth year. I could read a little and write a little, but my grandmother suddenly conceived the project of making me a scholar, and I was sent to a free school to be qualified for a higher one. This was rational enough, as I had been brought up ; and from this time the high vocation of one day becoming master and teaching the "young idea how to shoot," was ever before me. My sewing was thrown aside, and books supplied its place.

All this did well for a time ; but at length remittances from my father ceased, and we learnt from common report that he had formed a new matrimonial connection, or in other words, had married a rich widow in Charleston.

Now began the first anxiety my grandmother had felt on my account ; hitherto the stream of life had flowed through flowery valleys and green pastures ; but she at once conceived the idea that she should be robbed of her young, and the nursling she had so long cherished be taken from her. Our fears, however, were somewhat allayed on the subject when we understood from one of our townsmen who had been at Charleston, that though the *rich widow* had an investment of two thousand dollars, she had eight children to provide for. Then the anxiety of my dear grandmother changed its object, and she began to be afraid I should never inherit a farthing of my father's property ; not even his gold watch, which she said she could take her oath in a court of justice he had always promised should be mine.

As her fears decreased on the subject of my being kidnapped by my father, she began to see the policy of my reminding him of his ninth treasure, and proposed my writing him a letter. I was nothing loth to comply : besides feeling a little proud of my penmanship, I really entertained affectionate sentiments towards my only parent, and looked forward



one day with harmless vanity, to making him a little proud of me.

The first rough copy of my letter was carefully preserved by my grandmother, and is in my possession. I copy it for your perusal.

HONOURED SIR,


Grandmother and I have heard accidentally of your marriage at Charleston, S. C. We both wish you a long life and a great deal of happiness. I still continue at school, and am second in the *first* class. Master Wood says I have a pretty good head for cyphering; he means that I have gone through the rules and finished off with Practice. I hope soon to be able to do something to help Grandmother. The times are very hard and everything dear; but we both keep up a good heart. She sends her respects to you, and be pleased, honoured sir, to give my duty to my mother, and my love to my brothers and sisters.

Your dutiful and affectionate son,

HENRY GREEN.

You will perceive that I endeavoured to remind him of my grandmother's poverty. She was very desirous that I should make some mention of the *gold watch*, but this I resolutely declined doing; and after the letter was copied, I engaged one of the crew belonging to a freighting vessel to deliver it into my father's own hands.

Trifling circumstances are exciting in still life. Grandmother and I were never tired of conjecturing what effect the letter would produce, and what sort of an answer would come back. She always cautioned me not to expect too much from it: at the same time it was evident that her own expectations were greatly raised. We doubted not but there would be many apologies for his silence, and some remittance of cash to atone for the long omission of it.



Among the virtues of my grandmother, and she had noble ones, it must be confessed that economy was wanting. Her small income might with care and the exertions she made, have supported her ; but she could not resist now and then making a feast for her grandchildren. This was a dear-bought pleasure. Then again she always would be decent, she said ; and her new dresses soon looked like old ones from every-day wear.

Her principal gradually diminished, and the guests who feasted on her liberality predicted that she would "come to want." Boy as I was, I soon comprehended this state of things, and did my utmost to prevent useless expense ; taking most commendable care of my clothes, that I might not be under the necessity of having new ones.

Among all our conjectures, it never entered our heads that the letter to my father would produce no effect, and call forth no answer. Day after day I went to the vessels which arrived from South Carolina, hoping I might find a letter on board from my father ; but no one arrived. We then supposed it might come by the way of the post-office, and my grandmother deposited a quarter of a dollar in my waistcoat pocket to defray the expense of its arrival. None, however, came ; and after months of anticipation and waiting, we came to the conclusion that he had never received it.

The infirmities of age were fast increasing upon my grandmother ; and, to add to her misfortunes, when winter came on she was seized with a rheumatic fever. Now indeed she found in her deserted grandchild some reward for her unwearied love and kindness. I left all the palmy honours of my school which were clustering around me, and devoted myself to her comfort. The world little knows how much may be accomplished by a faithful, loving child. I scarcely left her during the day, and at night threw myself on her bed, starting up at her slightest movement. I performed for her the offices of a nurse ; changed her bed-clothes ; made her gruel, and bathed

her aching limbs. You will naturally enquire "where were her other grandchildren?" They came occasionally to see her, but they were both men engaged in seafaring life, and working hard for a living. They were not unnatural, hard-hearted monsters; but they were deficient in the tenderness which leisure and refinement cultivates. "Do you want anything, grandmother?" was not an uncommon enquiry; and her proud and quiet answer generally was, as she put her arm round me, "No—little Harry does everything for me."

Willingly they left her to the care of little Harry.

It was a hard fate for a woman to outlive her children as my poor grandmother had done. My mother was the last of them all, and the strong bond of maternal affection centred in me. It is seldom there is much sympathy between the young and the aged; but between us it fully existed. She never looked old to me, she never seemed so—and why should she? our thoughts, our hopes and expectations mingled; she was not a woman of what is called *sentiment*; she did not dwell much on the past, and had no melancholy presentiments of the future; we lived in the *present*; and, notwithstanding the clouds which hung round us, few were happier. I scarcely know whether our happiness was increased by more society; but another person began to find out that there was joy in our humble dwelling.

My little neighbour and relative, Ellen Hurd, was the most affectionate of human beings; full of generous emotion and high-toned feeling. She was an anomaly in our race; for when I reflect upon it, we were a cold-blooded family. I had none of those warm impetuous currents which flowed through Ellen's heart. Probably we were of mutual advantage to each other; she stimulated me to more active exertion, and I checked the often undisciplined ardour of her character by gentleness and persuasion. My health had always been delicate: I was cast in a slender mould; with a pale face, light curling hair, and blue eyes. Ellen, on the contrary, had sparkling

black eyes, a florid complexion, ruby lips, and rows of teeth that seemed to set time at defiance. I dare say she was called handsome by her circle of friends ; I did not deem her so ; perhaps my taste was formed by contemplating the venerable countenance of my grandmother. I had been so long in the habit of seeing her *without* teeth, that my cousin Ellen's actually looked carnivorous.

The situation of my grandmother's house, and that of Ellen's mother, was particularly favourable to frequent intercourse. They were both sides fronting the street, and the yards and gardens' back connected. Mrs. Hurd had been for several years a paralytic, and was confined wholly to her bedroom, and mostly to her bed. Her apartment was back of the kitchen and sitting-room which Ellen occupied when not with her mother or abroad.

An early friend of Mrs. Hurd passed a good deal of time with her, which gave Ellen the opportunity of making herself useful to my grandmother. The proximity of our humble dwellings enabled us constantly to perform kind offices for each other. I was ready to go on errands for her, to draw water and carry in her wood. Early the bond of kindness was begun.

She would have willingly shared with me the care of attending my grandmother more assiduously,—but it is a satisfaction to me to recollect that I tenaciously preserved my station as nurse—yet there were kind offices which Ellen performed, and her light-hearted gaiety served to cheer us through many hours of sickness and pain.

Want was now fast coming upon us ; sum after sum had been gradually withdrawn from the slender principal, till it was all gone,—then some articles of furniture were sold for almost nothing. At length my grandmother deemed it necessary to make her poverty known to her grandsons.

Never shall I forget the cold surprise with which they

received the information. They said "with economy it never would have come to this—but no doubt her favourite grandson must have helped to consume her living—they always saw there was no sense in bringing him up like a gentleman, indeed they could not see why she burdened herself with him—it was his father's place to have supported him." Such were the observations that followed her communication.

The poor woman listened patiently for awhile to these remarks, but suddenly seating herself erect in her chair, she said, "I have listened to you quietly, now listen to me:—

"There is some truth in your observations, and therefore I have borne them. I have been less economical than I ought to have been. My house was always open to my children and grandchildren, and it has been one of my greatest pleasures to see them seated round my table. When my own children died, I made no difference—I could not do it—their children were mine—and while you were young, you discovered no want of affection. But I see how it is with you, you have married wives, and are occupied in providing for your families; all this is right and natural—but depend upon it, boys, (she always called them so, though both had passed the age of thirty,) you would not prosper less by lightening some of the cares and supplying some of the wants of an aged grandparent. But I perceive (added she with bitterness) that love is not strong enough to last through three generations—take care and not outlive your children, for you will find no mercy from your grandchildren."

I had never seen my grandmother thus excited, there was something almost fearful in her eloquence; I laid my head on her shoulder and sobbed aloud. "God forgive me!" said she, pressing me to her bosom, "the poor desolate old woman has one left to love her; and you reproach me for taking home the child of my only daughter! Shame on you, boys! keep your money if you can, but remember it hath wings—leave

me the only being that cares for me—my child, my comfort, and my joy.” She stopped, overcome by her own emotions, and we wept in each other’s arms.

There is a tone of moral feeling that few minds are able to resist. We sin often from ignorance and thoughtlessness ; and I have now lived long enough to see that a word spoken in season is never to be neglected ; it often sinks deep into the heart ; let no one be discouraged at the apparent improbability of beneficial counsel or even reproof,—try it at least, for a few seeds when sown will spring up even in barren ground. Men are our brethren : we cannot shake off the relation, for God has connected us by strong and holy ties, and commanded us to love one another.

*The boys* looked absolutely penitent. “ You don’t take this matter right, grandmother,” said one of them : “ we are willing to do all we can for you, and we love you as well as ever ; but we have thought it a little hard that you seemed to care only for Henry ; and we do think he is old enough to do something for himself, and not be brought up as though he was going to be a member of Congress.”

“ Who has taken care of me but Henry ?” said she ; “ he has done more for me than I ever did for him ; he has watched over me the livelong night, when you were sleeping comfortably in your beds.”

I was naturally a timid boy, and many years younger than they were. But my grandmother’s eloquence and energy inspired me. “ I would gladly,” said I, drying my tears, “ earn some money for grandmother, though I do not feel as if I had done nothing for her ; but not half, no, nor one quarter as much as she has done for me ; nor I never can if I were to be a *member of Congress*, which God knows neither she nor I ever expect to be.”

This last unpremeditated blunder seemed to break the dismal scene ; Ellen, who sat by the window, gave a shout of laughter ; the *boys* joined in, and even grandmother smiled.

I was not dismayed ; " Tell me," pursued I, " how I can earn something ; what can boys of my age do ? I cannot leave grandmother at night, and I must be back many times in the day."

" On the Long Wharf you may get *employ*," replied one of my elders ; " go down there, and I'll answer for it, you'll find something to do."

The conference at length was broken up, and each of the boys with something like delicacy laid a five dollar bill on the table when they left her, and said they would never see her want.

As soon as they disappeared, grandmother turned to me and said cheerfully, " After all, Hal, they have got hearts."

This interview lightened her spirits and depressed mine. I had a long private conversation with Ellen. I told her in the first place that I should not go to school any more.

" Now that's a burning shame," she exclaimed, " when you are such a good scholar and love learning. I'll tell you what it is, Henry ; I'll come and stay with grandmam" (so she always called her) " four hours a day ; and you shall be learning all that time."

" That is excellent," said I, " but instead of *learning* I'll be *earning* ; to-morrow we will try it ; I will go down on the wharfs and see if I can get work ; but don't say anything about it to grandmother ; let her think I am at school."

The next morning I rose early, went through the usual routine of house-work ; there was no idleness in that ; for I was taught to do things neatly and thoroughly.

I prepared her breakfast as usual, and when Ellen came in, " Now," said I, " if you feel well enough, grandmother, she will stay with you all the morning, and I shall be at liberty. " Certainly," said she, " learning I have always heard goes behind-hand if it is not whipped up ; so set off, my boy."

I did set off with a willing and earnest purpose, and went

down upon the wharfs. I saw them removing rubbish and many hands employed ; but what could my single ones do without even a wheel-barrow. At length a small boat neared the wharf, and a man and woman with two children, a trunk and a carpet bag, landed from her. I hovered near them ; they were evidently preparing to walk, and much encumbered by their baggage. I now ventured to offer my services, and asked if I should carry the trunk and the bag.

“ What do you expect to be paid ?” said the man.

“ What you please to give me,” said I.

“ Well, my lad, you may take them to number six in H — street, and I will pay you fourpence.”

I could scarcely credit my good luck. It was with some effort that I followed them with my heavy baggage, but my heart was light, and when I received the fourpence I could have kissed it for joy.

“ Fourpence for one hour’s labour !” thought I : “ at this rate we shall soon be rich,”—and I hurried back again to the boat. But no such chances again offered. The passengers were landed, and they had dispersed. My two hours were nearly elapsed,—Ellen had promised two for the morning, and two for the afternoon,—and with my first earnings I returned home to take her place. She would not go, however, till I had told her about the adventures of the morning. She made up rather a scornful face at the fourpence, and then politely added that she did not “ think I had *spunk* enough to earn so much.”

There was often sharp-shooting of words between us, arising from our different characters ; but we had perfect confidence in each other’s good will.

I continued my labours and my small earnings for a month. Grandmother had become so much better, that Ellen was released from her attendance, and what with running of errands, shovelling snow, for it was winter, and being ready



to put my hand to anything, my little stock of money had increased daily ; but the winter was over, and though now and then there came a slight of snow, it melted rapidly beneath the beams of the sun, and it was no longer necessary to shovel paths. This cut off the greatest part of my revenue, and I began to think what might supply its place. Employment I could have found, but not merely at the hours when grandmother expected my absence.

On one spring morning I varied my accustomed route, and went through a rope-walk. I there observed boys of all sizes turning the large wheels. I entered into conversation with one of them, and learnt from him that they paid from twelve to twenty-five cents for turning a wheel eight hours a-day. My heart bounded at this intelligence ; here was a certain income if I could but find an employer. I went from one rope-walk to another, offering my services, and at length had the good fortune to find a wheel waiting for a hand. We closed our bargain ; I was to begin the next day at twenty cents per day, which was to be raised to twenty-five, if I proved myself capable and industrious.

It now occurred to me that I must make my plan known to my grandmother, and I determined to consult Ellen in what way we had better do it.

I went home at my usual hour. I found my grandmother looking very dejected ; her Bible lay open before her. This surprised me, for though she treated it with respect, she seldom read it in week days. For my own part, I had found out that there were entertaining stories in it, which I read over and over again, and often a chapter aloud at my grandmother's desire ; but to sit and read it like other books, seemed to me quite strange.

"Grandmother," said I, "are you sick?"

"No," said she, "not sick, but sorrowful."

"What has happened?—is your money all gone?"

"Nearly all," she replied, "but that is not what distresses me now, Henry," said she, sternly; "where have you been this morning?"

I was silent and embarrassed, for I had not determined how to break the matter to her, and wished to consult with Ellen.

"I perceive," said she, "that you cannot answer; I will not tempt you to a falsehood; I know you have not been to school; that you have been playing truant for six weeks past."

I felt my cheeks glow: "grandmother," said I, "have you ever known me to tell a falsehood since I knew the right from the wrong?"

She answered, "No, but you have deceived me for six weeks, and what can I expect from you?"

The conviction forced itself upon my mind that I had done wrong; I ought to have consulted her; to have gained her permission—she, who had always been my best friend, would have decided rightly.

She told me the schoolmaster had been to inquire after me, and in this way she had learnt my absence; that he was as much surprised as she was.

As I stood looking like a criminal, and wholly uncertain how far I had done wrong, Ellen entered. Now indeed the story was rapidly and vehemently told; she related my struggles, and my efforts, and our little plan of surprising her with my earnings when her five-dollar bills were gone. I gained courage. "Yes," said I, "it was all for your sake that I did it," and I pulled out an old leather purse and emptied the contents into her lap. "It is all yours, I have not spent a cent, but I keep this four-pence," said I, taking it from my pocket, "because it is the first money I ever earned."

I will not go on with the scene, or tell how my grandmother forgave and pressed me to her heart; or how Ellen counted over the money, and found six dollars and ten cents, without

the fourpence ; and how I told grandmother that I was just coming to confess all, and get her consent to my working in the rope-walk ; and how we all wept, and afterwards laughed together.

One thing I ought to mention, however, that Ellen went of her own accord and told the whole story to Master Wood, who said very kindly, that he did not think the worse of me for what I had done.

I have gone on with these early details of my life, because they will prepare you to understand my present one, which I shall lay before you. It is a blessed privilege that we can throw aside a written autobiography when we please, for there is no egotist to hold us by the button-hole and compel us to listen. One circumstance I ought to mention, that Mr. Wood called that evening. I was sent out of the room, and grandmother held a conference with him. When he was gone, she said to me, "My dear boy, it would be cruel in me to reproach you when you have worked so hard for me, but bear it in mind, that a straight-forward honest purpose will support itself. To conceal from me that you were not attending school, both you and Ellen have had recourse to little evasions that were not strictly truth." All this she said so kindly, that I no longer felt embarrassed. "You shall go to the rope-walk and turn the wheel, to-morrow," added she, "till a better plan is thought of for you."

I turned the wheel just one month, and during that time did not miss a day. It was wearisome work for an active mind—but I received the promised compensation, and carried it to grandmother.

She took it lovingly, but told me I was not to continue in the rope-walk any longer. "Master Wood," said she, "has mentioned you to a merchant in town, who will take you into his store, and allow you your evenings for instruction."

I was soon in a way of earning something for her, and sending little adventures to sea for myself. We no longer applied

to the *boys* for aid, and they were much more civil to me on that account. Indeed, I could not think but Ellen treated me with more respect since I had entered the mercantile line. All this was natural ; a person who is independent by his own honest endeavours, however humble, has acquired a respectable place in society.

My situation was no longer a fluctuating one,—and I began to acquire a more manly appearance. At the end of a few years, my grandmother's situation was at least comfortable ; a little girl supplied my place in the menial department,—but what I truly believe added most to the dear old woman's comfort, was that she had discovered the treasures her Bible contained. It was no longer laid aside on week-days, but became her daily study, and she said it was filled with peace and joy, and the hopes of immortality.

I too read to her often in its pages, and began to perceive that it was stored with rules for life. It no longer seemed to me a mere Sunday book,—it was full of knowledge,—the best morals were here inculcated ; and, as I reflected, it struck me as powerful evidence of its divine truth that nothing new had been discovered. I found there the elements of all virtue ; more than eighteen centuries had rolled by since the birth of Christ, yet we were still in the infancy of the high, the pure, the noble precepts he taught. The wise and good were still humbly sitting at his feet, and seeking instruction. The wicked and profligate were still condemned by his pure morality. “Grandmother,” said I, “henceforth this shall be my book—yesterday was my birth-day ; I was eighteen ; I am now old enough to judge what is suited to me, and what will help me on in life ; now mind, I take this book for my guide.”

“Would to God I had adopted it at your age,” said she ; “sacrifices that I have practised from stern necessity would have been comparatively easy for me ; and, truly, I cannot but

think that there is joy in it, which strangers cannot comprehend."

"Ah, grandmother, does not the book tell us so? with which strangers do not intermeddle."

"All my life I was a stranger," said she, emphatically.

During this long period I had never seen my father; yet he had not forgotten me, as I afterwards found. I now began to receive letters occasionally from him. It appeared that his matrimonial adventure had not proved a happy one.

His wife was turbulent, the eight children much wanting in duty and obedience, and he had betaken himself to the sea, as less stormy than his home.

Once or twice he made small remittances, which were most acceptable on my grandmother's account, and which were carefully made known by her to the other grandchildren.

My own life was one of labour and small gains; I laid up but little; but my grandmother was made comfortable by my exertions, and I verily believe without me would have been consigned to the charity of the alms-house.

A letter at length came from my father, stating that his health was failing; but that he had an earnest desire to see me before he died. He enclosed fifteen dollars, to pay my passage to Savannah, where he then was.

I did not hesitate one moment what course to pursue; remitting ten dollars to grandmother, and appropriating the other five to my own use, I got a place on board a vessel, as a hand at all works, and sailed for Savannah, where he directed me to come.

My passage I worked out; it cost me nothing. I pass over the meeting with my father,—he was evidently very sick, and I determined not to leave him, unless my attendance became necessary for grandmother's sake. Ellen had promised to take my place as well as she could, and write to me often.

The first thing my father did was to consign to me his gold

watch,—that watch which I had heard of from my grandmother as long as I could remember anything. It was a ponderous affair, and most valuable to me from long associations. He then put into my hand an old purse, containing coin of the different countries and places he had visited. “This,” said he, “is yours; I have laid by a small part of every voyage, intending to transmit it to you,—but we always put off things,—and, as I learnt in one way and another that you were doing well, I have never sent it; the rest of my property, which is but small, consisting of goods and chattels, you will share with my wife as the law directs. As soon as I am dead, you may go to Charleston and inform her!” I had no time to moralize over the termination of this ill-judged union, probably for both. My father died in a few days, and I was at liberty to follow his directions.

I must pass over my visit to my *mother-in-law*. I found her more disagreeable than I had anticipated. She entertained me with my father’s demerits, and a history of her own wrongs. As for my eight brothers and sisters, they were scattered in different places. After much debate, all matters were settled, except that of the *gold watch*, for which she stoutly contended; but my father had left so much evidence that he had long since made it over to me, that her advisers thought it best to give up the point. The coin was a secret, of which she knew nothing, nor was it a matter of conscience with me to inform her; but I readily agreed to give up all right in the household furniture for half its value in money. We parted civilly. I had given her no cause of offence. On the contrary, I had endeavoured to conciliate her.

I returned as I came, working my passage back. Every farthing the purse contained I considered as belonging to grandmother. I had resolutely avoided the temptation of counting it over, for I wished to do it with her, and to say beforehand, whether more or less, that it was all hers.

I arrived late at night at her dwelling ; I was loth to disturb her ; and entered a window which was often left unfastened. I proceeded softly to her room ; a candle was burning, and Ellen, the ever-faithful Ellen, by the side of the bed. She uttered no exclamation at seeing me, though her countenance expressed surprise and pleasure,—she motioned me out of sight,—then leaning forward said, “ I am sure, grandmam, Henry will be back by morning ; I feel it in my bones.”

Grandmother answered in a low, feeble voice, “ It is my prayer that I may see him once more ; but the will of God be done.”

In a moment her grandson was clasped to her bosom, and covering her face and hands with his kisses.

Ellen told me she had been declining ever since I left her. From this moment I scarcely quitted her again. I displayed the gold watch,—it was the *El Dorado* of her imagination,—and I believe she might have exclaimed, “ Now that I have seen thy face, I die content.” It certainly exhibited a striking visage, and could not be mistaken ; the hours were denoted by letters in deep-blue enamel, which made this inscription, or *posy*, as grandmother called it, GIVE ME A KISS. The second hand completed the number of hours.

The sum which my father had given me, in every variety of coin, amounted to a hundred and five dollars ; added to this, was the sum given me by my mother-in-law, as a quit-claim to the furniture,—this was fifteen dollars,—making in the whole one hundred and twenty. It was a fortune for me, who had always accumulated by cents. The second day after my return, my grandmother breathed her last in my arms. I was thankful,—most thankful that she lived to witness not only my return, but my comparative prosperity. Her funeral expenses were defrayed by her grandchildren, of which I bore my part. A will was found in one of her drawers, made

some years previously, bequeathing to me all the property and effects which she possessed. The legacy was of small value, for article after article had been sold for our support.

We often, in our ignorance, repine at the situation in which we are placed ; but, as I look back on my past life, I feel that I have the greatest cause for thankfulness—for the circumstances of my boyhood.

I was preserved from association with coarse and profane boys, and in the dwelling of my grandmother I was ignorant of vice. My acquirements in the common branches of education were respectable. I had always been imbued with the idea that I might one day become a schoolmaster. My grandmother's ambition soared no higher ; and in penmanship I had gained some celebrity ; many of my *pieces* decked the school-room ; flourished off with red and black ink. I had now serious thoughts of applying for the place of teacher to one of the free schools, but Ellen's good judgment decided against it. "The boys who will come to school to you, Hal," said she, "are nearly as old as yourself," and all of them remember little Henry Green, tied to his grandmother's apron-string. It will never do. They will torment you, and you will be obliged to quit your school in the end, or call me in to give them a threshing."

There was a truth and vivacity in Ellen's remarks, which often made them cut deeply. I saw she was right. If I ever expected to attain school-keeping honours, I had better not make the experiment in my native town. I still continued in a trading store, with small gains. But my life was greatly changed : instead of the quiet, neat home of my grandmother, I was compelled to find a residence in a cheap boarding-house, and to associate with other apprentices far less carefully brought up than myself. Their profanity and coarseness deeply shocked me. There was one lad, however, that seemed of a different order from the other boarders ; we had formerly been school-mates, and though by no means a



studious scholar, he preserved a respectable rank. I had often assisted him in his arithmetic, and he seemed now to remember my good offices.

He sometimes expressed his dissatisfaction with our present mode of life, and said if he had a small capital he would soon double it ; but that he could do nothing without that. I told him that I saw no opening for any enterprise ; and yet I felt with him that it was a dull kind of life I was leading. I had hitherto had the policy not to mention my own capital ; but it is hard for the young to act with systematic prudence. When my companion was relating to me what he would do if he could command the sum of a hundred dollars, or even less—I hastily answered, “ I have more at my disposal.”

His eyes sparkled. “ Who does it belong to ? ” said he.

“ To a poor chicken-hearted fellow,” said I, laughing, “ that was brought up at the apron-string.”

“ He did not comprehend my allusion. “ Is it absolutely in your power ?—can you control it ? ”

“ Absolutely,” said I ; “ as entirely so as this watch,” and rather ostentatiously I took it from my bosom.

“ Then why not borrow it ? you can pay legal interest for it ; lend me fifty dollars of it, and I will pay ten per cent. interest.”

“ That is not legal,” said I.

“ In two years I would make it three hundred dollars,” replied he with animation.

I hesitated : there is a kind of bold confidence which bears down a timid mind ; it seemed to me like a good investment.

“ This money is my own,” said I, “ all my own to do as I please with ; I am accountable to no human being for it.”

“ Lend me a hundred dollars,” said he, “ and I will pay you a year’s interest in advance ; ten dollars upon the hundred.”

“ I’ll think upon it,” I replied.

“ It will be too late, perhaps,” said he, “ to-morrow. I

may find somebody more ready to seize hold of a good offer, and then your chance is gone. Will you clinch the bargain to-night? My plans cannot fail; I am to enter a store as partner; the firm are worth at least three thousand dollars, and they are willing to receive me if I advance one hundred, and admit me to a full share of the profits."

"But what can induce them to make you such a liberal offer?"

"My dear fellow, they expect me to fag; now," said he, rising and standing before me, "do I look like a fag?"

He was strikingly handsome in his appearance, and I readily said "No."

"I never will," replied he; "I will soon be at the head of the establishment."

"Where is this firm?" said I.

"In Boston; nothing can be done in a small place like this."

"But I may want my capital."

"Oh," said he, "that shall be in the contract if you desire it; I will pay the hundred dollars at the end of the year, or even in less time."

"I will think of it."

"You must determine now," said he; "give me your written promise, and that will be sufficient; one of the firm is in town and leaves it to-morrow morning. He must have an answer."

Perhaps it is not difficult for one to imagine how a young lad educated as I had been, could be actually borne down by one so bold and determined.

I took the offered pen—suddenly the recollection of Ellen came to my mind; I felt as if it were treachery to take so decided a step without consulting her; she had shared all my joys and sorrows, and her counsel had always been valuable to me;—a portion of her resolution seemed immediately to animate me. "I am sorry, Leonard," said I, "that you

should lose this advantageous offer by my delay, and I am fully convinced that I cannot get so liberal a one for the use of my money ; but I am decided in not binding myself by contract, or even by promise. If an answer to-morrow will not be in time, the affair must be given up as far as I am concerned."

He saw it was in vain to urge further, and contented himself with painting in vivid colours the manner in which his own and my fortune was to be made by this investment.

At length he changed the subject : " What do you do with yourself this evening ?" said he.

" I pass it with my cousin Ellen."

" She is a fine girl," said he ; " I have a great fancy for her ; I hope you will speak a good word for me ; when I have realized a few thousands, I seriously intend to pop the question. But perhaps you have some designs yourself?"

" No," said I, " Ellen and I have been like brother and sister, and I should rejoice to see her well married to any one that is deserving of her ; she is a noble girl."

" A handsome one I am sure she is ; what an eye, and what teeth ! did you ever remark her teeth ?"

" To be sure I have," said I, a little peevishly. I did not fancy this conversation ; I felt a tenderness, a respect for Ellen that it wounded.

" Then when she enters the church and walks up the broad aisle, how proud she looks, as if there were nobody but herself present."

" I never observed it," said I.

" O, you are a cold-hearted fellow," he replied, with a laugh ; " but Ellen had often said the same thing to me."

I took my hat—" I will see you to-morrow," said I, " and give you a decisive answer as to the loan." I left him with a cigar in his mouth, and a glass of brandy-and-water by his side.

I breathed easier when I got out of his presence ; he cer-

tainly had a wonderful power over me,—he was so perfectly confident in his capacity,—so fluent, so self-possessed ; I felt like a child compared to him ; I was even humbled and mortified at I knew not what. Perhaps all sensitive minds have at times been thus depressed and confused by the singular plausibility assumed by others.

I found Ellen, as usual, with her sewing in hand. “How late you have made it this eve,” said she ; “you begin to find your boarding-house more agreeable than you did at first?”

“Not generally,—but I have one associate very different from the others.”

“Who is he?”

“Leonard Howe.”

“I thought so,” said she, with an expression which was peculiar to her when she was displeased. “I thought he would take you in.”

“Good gracious!” said I, “Ellen, what do you mean?” For a moment I felt as if she had witnessed the scene which had just passed.

“No treason,—I only mean that he is a well-behaved fellow, and knows how to dress himself properly,—and among the set you are placed, where combs, razors, and water are scarce, it is enough to take anybody in.”

“He thinks very highly of you, Ellen ; he asked me to speak a good word to you for him.”

She blushed perceptibly ; I was silent.

“Say on,” said she.

“In truth, Ellen, he wishes to—to—marry you, when——”

She hastily interrupted me—“That is coming to the point, with a vengeance,—well, what else?”

“When he has made a few thousands.”

“When that time arrives I will answer him,” said she, rather scornfully ; “in the meanwhile let him speak for himself,—he is far more able than you to speak for him.”

"I know it very well," said I, "I have only done it because he desired it. I have none of his gifts of speech, and none of his external advantages. Perhaps had I been differently brought up I might have possessed more manly graces, and been better calculated to win my way in the world."

"You are in a promising situation for acquiring manly graces, from your own account," said Ellen; "I expect you will soon learn to smoke, and drink brandy-and-water."

"You are in a strange humour to-night, cousin Ellen," said I; "I came to consult you on business affairs, and to ask your advice; but perhaps I had better say nothing."

"Nay, Henry," said she, her brow clearing, and her sweet smile returning, "that is another thing. You know I love to be consulted, and am always ready with my advice, whether you follow it or not."

I now related to her the conversation which had passed between Leonard and myself.

She listened attentively. "What do you advise?" said I, when I had concluded.

"It is a pity," said she, "we could not exchange characters; I have all the mistrust and suspicion which I verily believe a man ought to have to get through the world, and contend with other men,—and you have all the confiding trust and generous confidence which ought to belong to a woman."

"Speak plainly what you mean."

"I will then," said she; "I believe this to be a complete swindling trick, to get your money into his hands. As for the interest, he is willing to return you ten dollars to get possession of the other ninety, and then you may whistle for it, for you will never see it again."

"Can you judge him so harshly, without knowing anything against him?"

"I think," said she, "I see through this transaction, but I confess my wits are a little sharpened by my early remem-

branches. When I was a child, and at school with him, (he is, you know, several years older than I am,) I remember seeing him with the gold setting of a pin, out of which the stone had fallen; he was going to sell it to a jeweller, of course by weight. Now for the point of my story: he cut off a small piece of lead from his plummet, put it into the setting, and bit it up with his teeth. The next day he boasted that the jeweller weighed it, and gave him the price without discovering the deception."

"It is enough," said I: "without enquiring into his motives, my answer is ready. Your clear, good sense, Ellen, has always aided me. I am afraid I shall never succeed without your counsel."

"It is always at your service, Henry," said she. "The goodness and innocence of your own heart may mislead you; but you need only see the right to pursue it."

"I am glad you have confidence in my principles, at any rate," said I.

"I have the firmness," she replied with enthusiasm; "I would trust my reputation, my happiness——"

She stopped short, and I thought a tear glistened in her eye; she brushed it away, and added, playfully, "Nay, more, I would trust my fortune in your hands; which consists of a string of gold beads, a silver tankard, left me by my grandmother, (what excellent grandmothers we both had!) and this very silver thimble, which, as Leonard Howe says, has more than doubled itself."

"How handsome you look," said I, struck by the sweet and playful expression of her countenance. "Ah, Leonard was right when he extolled your beauty. What shall I tell him from you? he will ask me if I performed my mission."

The change of her expression was sudden. "Tell him," said she, "that he could not have selected a more complete dupe than he has found in you."

I was not prepared for this transition. The truth of her

sarcasm made it the more painful. I replied with something that I meant for dignity:—"Yours is a hard case, Ellen; you feel bound to counsel and extend friendly offices towards one with whom you feel no congeniality, and whom in your heart you despise, because neither nature nor education has given him the energy and force of mind which you think essential. The effect of my early education not only clings to me, but it influences you and every one around me. It is only by seeking my fortune elsewhere that I shall escape this paralyzing effect. Strange as it may seem, there is scarcely a being except yourself that I shall leave with regret. But you, who have been to me a guardian angel, what can supply your place! But you will continue to be my friend, and sister, wherever I am?"

She was silent; but tears chased each other down her cheeks. She held out her hand,—I clasped it in mine, and our reconciliation was complete.

The next morning I informed Leonard Howe that I should want the whole of my capital for my own plans. He was angry and disappointed, and tried to discover what had so suddenly influenced me. But here I was firm. He then asked me if he had any chance with Ellen; I told him he must speak for himself.

What I had said to Ellen was not wholly the effect of her severity. I had met with a farmer from Illinois, who had given me such favourable accounts of the country, that I had been for weeks revolving in my mind the expediency of seeking a living in the Far West. My native place had no charms for me,—I was a stranger there, and but for Ellen an outcast; she would probably marry, and, like most other women, be involved in family cares—and I should be but little to her—she already had eligible offers. Then I could not disguise from myself her impatience towards me, and sometimes I even felt wronged by her sudden changes of mood. I pursued my investigations, even without consulting Ellen, for my mind was

now made up,—and after all was arranged I informed her of my intention.

She said, whatever she might think on the subject, it was useless to express her opinion: she knew me too well to believe that, after having decided from deliberate conviction, I would change my purpose from persuasion. In losing me, she lost her best friend,—but she must try to find happiness in fulfilling her duties, and devoting herself to the comfort of her sick mother.

Every little affectionate attention was conferred upon me by this dear cousin before my departure; my clothes were put in order by her own hands,—and my stock of needles, thread, &c. carefully supplied. We parted as friends who hoped to meet again, but submissive to the will of God. I was enabled to leave many little relics with Ellen which were dear to her: and on a cold March morning quitted my native place, and my unpleasant boarding-house, and began my long journey to the Far West.





## THE LOG CABIN.

### Part Second.

BEHOLD me now fairly embarked on my new adventure ! The pale, delicate, effeminate boy was becoming enterprising and confident in his own endeavours. It was no slight thing to quit every being I knew, and enter upon a world of strangers. I expected to encounter privations and hardships, but I felt a strength of purpose which sustained me. It was not merely to make money or earn a living which stimulated my onward soul, it was a conviction that I was going to a region where I might be useful.

I found it necessary to make a short stay in Boston, that I might see the kind friend who had suggested to my mind this decisive step ; for such I considered it. I might meet with disappointment,—I might even exhaust my little capital without advantage ; but I was going among *men*, not wild animals ; I had confidence in them,—I considered them as beings made in the image of God, endowed with reason and feeling,—and, however perverted or debased they might be, still honest, benevolent, and kind-hearted endeavours would make their way amongst them.

My friend indicated the part of Illinois which he considered most favourable for a settlement, pointed out the two best

routes, and such articles as he thought necessary for my comfort. The outlay was small. I communicated a plan, I have not yet expressed to you, of becoming a teacher, and first putting my school-keeping acquisitions into use. He greatly encouraged me, and told me he heartily hoped I might be able to supersede some of the ignorant pretenders to that employment. Now I blessed the memory of my dear grandmother, who had always held up to me the idea of one day becoming a schoolmaster. I had taken the precaution to secure a recommendation from Mr. Wood, stating my competence to teach in the branches of English education. My friend told me, to go there comfortably, would cost me about fifty dollars. This was an expense not to be thought of. It was in some measure fortunate for me, that I had no responsibilities to observe towards *respectable* relations. With my hat in my hand, I might travel over the world in the way I liked best.

The regular way was to go to New York, then to Philadelphia, from there to Harrisburg by rail-road; take the canal to Pittsburg, then the steam-boat to St. Louis, another steam-boat to Meredosia, the rail-road then to Jacksonville, and from there a private conveyance about fifteen miles to Indian Creek, and so on till I reached Cassius, my place of residence. This was the route the President of the United States would have taken, and ill suited my humble views.

The other was to go by the canal-boat from Albany to Buffalo, then embark on Lake Erie to Lake St. Clair, through Lakes Huron and Michigan to Chicago, there go by stage-route to Peru about one hundred miles, then take a steam-boat to Peoria, again to Springfield sixty miles, then a private conveyance twenty miles to the place indicated.

I fixed at once upon this method of getting there; it afforded me many facilities of economy, the other few.

At Boston I took my passage in the low-priced cars, and on the same plan a berth in the steerage of the steam-boat.

There was no hardship in this. My fellow-travellers were generally silent, and I found it far pleasanter than the association I had been compelled to endure with fellow-boarders of my own age in my native town.

In the morning when we arrived at Hurl-gate, as I stood on the deck watching our course through it—my mind much absorbed in the perils of the passage and the beauties of the prospect—suddenly I received a slap on the shoulder. I turned, and beheld, to my astonishment, Leonard Howe.

He had left my native town soon after our conversation.

Almost every one knows what it is suddenly to meet a familiar face among strangers. I shook hands most cordially, but could not forbear expressing my astonishment at seeing him.

“You might have conjectured,” said he, “that I should not remain where I was. It did not suit my taste; I was not made to mix with low society, or spend my life in a trading store. Do I look like it?”

This appeal involuntarily attracted my attention to his exterior. He was handsome; but even I, without any knowledge of polite society, could perceive that there was a bold defying expression which was repulsive to the retired, and must have been even more so to the really refined and well educated; not that I believed all people in high life were really refined and well educated; but they all probably have something of the exterior. What astonished me, however, in Leonard Howe, was his entire change of dress in the few weeks which had elapsed from my seeing him. It was expensive and showy—in the very extreme of fashion, and looked as if it were bought out of a furnishing warehouse, rather than ordered or made for him. Then his hands—you will smile, but my early habits of sewing with my grandmother had always taught me to keep my hands and nails in nice order. I always found time for this—it was work that I carried about me. When Leonard drew off his new gloves

there was the distinctive mark of slovenliness. No : I am sure he never could have passed for a gentleman.

My survey seemed to gratify him. "You see," said he ; "times are changed with me."

"Yes," I replied ; "and I confess I am astonished—I cannot account for it."

"I will help your wits. In the first place, what I told you about wanting your poor hundred, &c., was partly humbug. I would have taken it and paid you the interest I offered, but it was for your own sake : I was well supplied with cash."

"This is a greater surprise to me than anything else—you appeared to have no other resources than we had."

"They laid here, my boy," said he, tapping his handsome forehead with his fore-finger. "Grandmama had never taught you how to turn your faculties to account."

"Perhaps not," said I, somewhat indignantly ; "but one thing she did teach me, that 'honesty is the best policy.'"

He looked sharply at me. "None of your Bible sayings for me," said he. "Henry Green, I have a friendship for you—and let us understand one another. I am agent for a company in a lucrative business. I am to have a handsome salary ; travel about the country, and serve my employers. Now, instead of depending upon your poor hundred and the labour of your hands, I can get you such a berth as mine, and turn your hundred into thousands. The truth is, my boy, say the word and your fortune is made."

"I am very ignorant," said I, "of the ways of the world, but not so simple as to believe that any body will employ me without adequate services. I have not fixed upon my present plan of going to Illinois as a matter of choice, but rather as the only way in which I could hope to be really useful, and obtain a living. I am fully aware that I go to a new country, and many hardships ; I would gladly exchange my plan for a real good opening by which I may gradually rise in the world."

"Gradually rise!" said he; "you will rise at once. To-day you are worth a poor hundred dollars."

"*That* is my capital," said I, meekly; "I have something more than that; enough, as I shall manage, to pay the expenses of my journey, and a few weeks' board till I can look about."

I saw he with difficulty suppressed a laugh.

I passed it by, and continued: "If you can offer me anything better, I shall gladly embrace it; but you must fully explain to me what the business is in which I must engage."

"This is not the place," said he; "but when we arrive, I will make it all known to you. You are the very one, if you enter heart and soul into the plan, that the company want. You write an excellent hand—pray have you any of those beautiful pieces flourished round with red ink, that you used to execute at school?"

What person is invulnerable to flattery? I prided myself upon my chirography. "I have," said I, complacently, "a roll of them in my trunk. I thought they might be useful, as I wished to get a school."

"Have you the 'Ode to Spring?'" said he, "beginning, 'Come, gentle Ellen.'"

"Yes," said I; "that is my very best writing."

"You must let me have it to exhibit to the *concern*, that they may see I have not selected a bungler in the art of penmanship."

This conversation had passed as we stood leaning over the side of the vessel. The sun had just risen, and nothing could exceed the beauty of the prospect. How many enter New York on a bright spring morning through Hurl-Gate without experiencing the delight I felt!

Long Island, with its beautiful villas, stretched on one side, so quiet, so green, so peaceful. These at least, thought I, must be the abodes of good and happy men; perhaps poets,

perhaps painters ; and, no doubt there are respectable school-masters amongst them. I thought of my "Ode to Spring," and felt sure it was a good specimen of the art of penmanship.

I left this side of the vessel and walked to the other ; Leonard still continued by me ; he could not disengage his mind from his plans, and annoyed me by continually reverting to them : for my part I was wholly occupied with the wonders I saw. Here then was New York, of which I had heard and read so much. It lay before me with its countless spires, its shipping, its prisons, its alms-houses, its hospitals, its public gardens, its theatres, and its hosts of living and moving human creatures. How much of good,—how much of evil, dwells in this place, thought I ; but God is over all !

We were now approaching the wharf, and could distinctly see the crowd of hackmen and idle gazers waiting. I observed that my companion's countenance suddenly changed ; he turned pale.

"Are you not well, Leonard ?" said I.

"A little dizzy, looking at the water—keep this packet safe for me ;" and he took from his bosom a small parcel, and put it into my hand and left me. I placed it carefully in my pocket.

As he did not return, I went forward to find him, but the vessel had arrived at the wharf, and all was hurry and bustle. A number had gone on shore, and I concluded, Leonard amongst them. I quietly returned to secure my baggage. Just as I put my foot on the wharf with my enormous trunk, for a small one could not have contained my necessary articles, a man came forward, and said, "Where is the young gentleman, your fellow-passenger ?"

"You mean Leonard Howe," said I ; "I was looking for him, but I cannot find him."

"Nor I either," said he ; "but next to his, I must secure the pleasure of your company," and he took hold of my arm.

I did not know how to take this salutation—though the words were civil, there was an air of irony in the man's manner.

"If you are a friend of Mr. Howe's," said I, "and wish to see him, he will soon, I think, return here, as he did not appoint any place to meet me, and New York is so large a city, we should hardly find each other."

"Pray what makes you think he will return?" asked the man, who all the time kept hold of my arm, to my great annoyance.

"Because," said I, "he entrusted a packet to my care, and he will return for it."

"O, if that is all," said the man, "I will take care of it—hand it to me."

"Excuse me," said I; "but I cannot relinquish it into any one's care—he desired me to take charge of it myself."

I now observed a crowd was gathering round us. "I would thank you to release me," said I, putting down my trunk and trying to disengage myself.

"I can't part with you," said he; "I came all the way from Boston, for the pleasure of meeting your friend; and, as he has contrived to escape me, I must secure *you*. In other words, you are my prisoner."

Though I felt startled, I was composed. I knew I had done no evil deed, and concluded there must be some mistake.

"You must go with me," said the man.

"I am willing," I replied, "if you will first permit me to find Mr. Howe, and restore to him the packet he consigned to my care."

"It is *our* great object to find him," he answered; "if you are innocent you will no doubt have justice done you. So deliver the packet at once."

"No," said I, resolutely; "it was entrusted to my care, and I have no right to deliver it to another's."

"Thee dost not appear to know that this man is a con-



stable," said a mild, benevolent-looking man, with a broad-brimmed hat, and whose appearance denoted him to be a Quaker. "He has a warrant to arrest Leonard Howe and his accomplices."

"But I have had no dealings with him," I replied; "we met on board the steamboat accidentally, this morning."

"Did thee not know him before?" said the Quaker.

"Yes; he came from the same town I did, and boarded in the same house."

"Very well; I advise thee, as a friend, to deliver the packet, or it will be taken from thee by force."

I saw it was in vain to contend, and I surrendered it,—only, however, with the feeling that it was a breach of trust on my part, not that it could be any essential injury to Howe.

As the man took it, it came open, and I saw it contained a wallet, and also a large roll of bank bills.

A new light broke upon my mind. I at once suspected Leonard had been guilty of fraud; his expensive dress, his previous conversation, as well as that of this morning, all rushed upon my mind. I was no longer calm; my agitation was excessive, and no doubt appeared like detected guilt. I ceased to make any further opposition to the officer of justice, for such I now understood him to be.

The good Quaker seemed moved to pity.—"Truly," said he, "thou dost not appear like a hardened offender; if thou art wronged, I will stand thy friend."

"Indeed, sir," said I, "I am not guilty of any offence."

"Go then with the constable, and I will see thee in a few hours."

I was conducted to the jail; and my trunk put into custody, to be thoroughly searched. They brought me prison fare, which I thankfully took, for I was exhausted for want of food. I then asked for a bucket of water, and faithfully performed my ablutions. A feeling of strength and refreshment came over me; I took a book from my pocket and sat down to read.

In the course of an hour, the gentleman with the broad-brimmed hat entered. He seemed to me like a friend, and I told him I rejoiced to see him.

"Is thy name Henry Green?" said he.

"Yes, sir," I replied.

"Then thou art convicted out of thy own mouth; that wallet in thy possession contained a contract in which thou wert to pay one hundred dollars to Leonard Howe, for exorbitant interest. Now, though this does not prove that thou wert actually associated with him in his forgeries, it is such strong presumptive evidence, that thou must stand thy trial."

"Forgeries!" I exclaimed;—"is it possible! O, sir, I am but a child in the ways of the world; I never suspected any such thing."

By degrees the good man became interested in my short story, and desired to hear it all. I related it faithfully to him. He was evidently moved to pity, and at length I could perceive that he began to yield to me his confidence.

"I must believe thee," said he; "such deception is not in human nature. The investigation of thy goods is now taking place, and will, probably, confirm or disprove what thou hast related. If all is right, I will stand thy friend."

Till now, I had not yielded to my natural tenderness of heart; but this kindness and gentleness, under such unfavourable circumstances, wholly subdued me, and seizing his hand I bathed it with my tears.

"Forgive me, sir," said I, "this unmanliness; but I was brought up like a girl by my grandmother; and then Ellen was as kind to me as if she had been my sister. Ah, thank Heaven! she does not know that her poor cousin is in *jail*."

"Is she betrothed to thee?" said the Quaker.

"O no, sir; she pitied the motherless boy, and assisted him in his attendance on his aged grandmother. She is very different from me; she has a brave, noble heart."

Perhaps it was only imagination,—but I thought the good

man's eyes were moist, and I felt less ashamed of my own tears.

"I will leave thee now," said he, looking at his watch. I also looked at mine. I am afraid there was always some ostentation in my display of it; but I was brought up to reverence it.

He was at once attracted by it. "That is a singular watch; how did you come by it?"

"It belonged to my father; he gave it to me."

"This is surprising,—there can be but one such watch; where did your father live?"

I now entered into his history, his records, marriage, &c.

When I had finished, he left me without speaking.

Towards night he came to me, and held out his hand as he entered. "I have no further doubts of thy innocence," said he; "I will be bail for thy appearance,—and I shall take thee home with me."

I found he had attended the examination of my trunk; but more than that, he had discovered that I was the son of Captain Green, with whom he went on a voyage, for health, from Charleston to the West India Islands,—and had been favourably impressed by my father's attention to him; he even said he felt grateful to him. And all this was discovered through the instrumentality of the blessed watch; had I not reason to love it.

I will not dwell on the painful details of my investigation, or *trial*, I perhaps ought to call it. I will not say how my feelings were tortured by cross-questioning and quibbling,—what inhuman triumph was exhibited when I was supposed to have contradicted myself. I gave the plain truth, finding it impossible to suppress anything without inconsistency to my narrative. Of course Howe's morning conversation about my writing came up—my "Ode to Spring," &c. The piece taken from my trunk was then produced. Though it created some smiles, the execution was sufficiently praised, and perhaps I

might have felt some improper vanity, had I not heard the cold, sarcastic remark, "He is well qualified, no doubt, for counterfeiting handwriting." I then asked if I might be permitted to speak, and an affirmative was given.

"Gentlemen," said I respectfully; "I have been arrested and committed to jail, I have been detained on my lawful business; and all for no fault of my own. But for the humanity of this gentleman," and I pointed to Mr. Collins, my Quaker friend, who was present, "I should have remained in jail till this time, or perhaps a much longer period. It was the great object of my first and dearest friend, my grandmother, to qualify me to be a schoolmaster; little did she think, or my excellent friend and instructor, Master Wood, that my improvement would be brought against me as evidence of my capacity for forgery. God forbid that such a thought should enter my head, and God forgive my accusers for such unjust suspicions!" I stopped, for my *tender-heartedness* troubled me; in a moment, however, I proceeded. "I cannot suppose that I shall be pronounced guilty; I have too much confidence in the justice of my countrymen, and I may say in their judgment.

"They will acquit me, because they can find no proof of my guilt; but what is to indemnify me for the injury done to my feelings, for being committed to a public jail, and perhaps having my name going the round of the newspapers associated with a criminal escaped from justice? I am on my way to a new country; I desire only to earn a living in a manner that will be serviceable to my fellow men; I expect to endure privation; and, as an author has advised,\* '*am willing to satisfy hunger in any clean and honest way, to sleep in any clean and honest place, and to wear anything clean and honestly paid for.*' I have a small sum bequeathed to me by my father, which makes me independent; I owe no man a farthing, unless it be this most kind gentleman, who

\* N. P. Willis.

took me from the walls of a prison and received me into his house. I have nothing more to say, gentlemen, except it be, that if acquitted, I may not be dismissed *because there are not sufficient proofs of my guilt.*' ”

I will not go on with these details. *I was acquitted*, and the honourable gentleman said, “Not because there were not sufficient proofs of my guilt ; but because there were *ample proofs of my innocence*, and that unfortunate circumstances had created unjust suspicions.”

One man, I forgot to mention, was brought forward, who testified that he was sent on from Boston by legal authority, to watch the proceedings of Leonard Howe—that he never took his eyes off him except when he was asleep—that he saw our meeting in the morning—heard a little of our conversation—saw him give me the packet and hasten forward, which he fully believed was owing to suspicions created by seeing a person on the wharf that alarmed him. This was the person who actually procured a warrant to arrest him, and “I confess,” said he, “it was myself who advised the arrest of this young man, supposing him to be an accomplice.”

The fullest testimony of my innocence was given me from the gentlemen present, in a paper signed by their names, and many shook hands with me, and invited me to their houses. But I had no heart to accept any such distinctions. I verily believe I might have been shown up as the lion of the day ; but I was sick of New York—I longed to be far away from it. I had received a rough reception in this great city. They talked now of my eloquence—there was no eloquence but TRUTH. Would that every orator, whether from the bar or the pulpit, bore this great secret in mind. I do not mean truth in the abstract, but the truth of his own conscience—the convictions of his own soul—then alone can he speak to the souls of others. He is firm, he is strong in what he believes right—he is consistent and clear, for he has but one object—to make the right felt. The graces of oratory resemble the

Aurora Borealis, playing around the heavens, animating and cheering. But the eloquence of truth is like the forked lightning, like the thunderbolt of Heaven—*for God is truth!*

Somebody said to Alexander Hamilton after one of his powerful speeches: "How do you contrive to make every one believe what you assert?"

"Because I believe it myself," was his simple reply.

My most kind friend, Ezra Collins, would have supplied me with funds for pursuing my journey by rail-road, &c. But I declined them, and I believe he thought it better not to interfere with my plans. I had never been indebted to any one but my father for the gift of money, and I had never borrowed the smallest sum. I would not deviate from the rules I had laid down. Yet I thankfully accepted his hospitality, for which I could make no adequate return, nor did I presume to offer any. Yet when it came to the period of parting, a thought struck me;—I owed to him not only comfort but liberty; probably a speedy trial, and above all, a fair reputation.


This last was an inexpressible benefit; had my sun been overcast in the morning of life, I felt that it would have set in darkness and sorrow. And to this kind friend I owed all! I possessed but one gem; it was the watch that he remembered—that he recognised; he had said there was but one such in the world; it was a thing that his wealth could not purchase; no human being could make him such a precious gift, but a poor friendless orphan lad. I spent two or three hours in brightening the chain, the seal, and the key. I thought how often my father had held it in his hand—how my grandmother revered it. My courage was near failing; I looked at its face, and faithfully observed the motto, "Give me a kiss;" for I embraced it again and again. I was then going to present it to him, but it struck me that it was more delicate to do it at parting. In cleaning it I observed one or two

small links were wanting to the chain ; they had probably been lost off, and it hung uneven ; but I had no time to go to a jeweller ; putting it carefully in a bed of cotton wool, I wrapped a paper round it and directed it to my friend, begging him to wear it as a testimony of my gratitude, and accept it for the sake of my father. This box I left in the care of his daughter, after I had taken leave of all of them. My kind friend accompanied me to one of the North River day-boats, recommended me to the captain as a most deserving young man and pressed my hand at parting.

I often missed my watch in the course of the day, but I thought of it with heartfelt pleasure. I could not but anticipate the delight it would give, not only to himself, but his family. At his desire I first showed it to his wife and children. The face was not only as remarkable as I have described it, but the outer case was set round with sparkling stones, like diamonds, and in the centre were two betrothed lovers : the sweet girl inclining forward to give the favour solicited on the face.

I had written a long, long letter to Ellen, giving her an account of my unfortunate adventure. I earnestly hoped that no mention might be made of me in the public papers, and I knew Mr. Collins had interested himself to prevent it. But Leonard Howe's name, as concerned with a company of forgers, was mentioned at full length ; his escape, and the detected bills given into the care of an innocent man, which gave him some trouble.

I took my seat on deck ; everything was new to me. Castle Garden, with the Battery, seemed like an enchanted palace. Then my attention was attracted by the islands—Staten Island, Governor's Island—how I longed for legends about them, and to linger in their green haunts ; linger ! we were hurrying on with breathless rapidity ; the never-tiring steamer smoking and whizzing along, and converting the smooth river into a sea of foam.



For a time I turned my eyes from the busy shores of the city. I thought only of its vices and oppressions, such as I had seen by glimpses. After we had passed Fort Gansevoort, I began to turn towards it with more complacency. I thought of its noble institutions, of its charitable subscriptions, of its good, instead of its bad—and, above all, of my noble friend who had stepped forward to my aid when I was loaded with obloquy, and arrested for one of the most heavily punished crimes of civilized society. Are there not many others of far more turpitude that go *unpunished*? Let us not presume to think so—unpunished!—who hath entered the secret counsels of the Almighty? and, though man may not be his agent, how many scorpion stings does vice bring with it!

I had studied the shores of the Hudson when a school-boy, and knew the names of remarkable places. I was never tired with watching the Palisades as we moved along, and almost regretted the boundary when we entered Tappan and Haverstraw Bays,—with the mountains on the western shore. Among the interesting places, I saw the gothic cottage of Washington Irving. Amidst this beautiful scenery I was suddenly reminded of New York; for the captain pointed out to me one of its benign institutions, the walls of the state's prison—Sing-Sing—built of the marble of West Chester. It is on the eastern shore, at Nyack. When we arrived at the beautiful and sublime Highlands, I felt astonished that people continued laughing and talking together; and, when breaking through my natural timidity, I exclaimed, "Look, pray look!" some one explained this insensibility by simply saying, "I have seen it before."

But I forget that everybody has "seen it before," and am expatiating as if it were as new to them as to me. Earnestly I hoped that Ellen might one day sail up the Hudson; in the meantime I made minutes, that I might describe it to her. We arrived at Albany towards night, and, wishing to see the hour, I felt for my watch. A sunbeam passed through my



mind as I thought of its destination ; but I fully determined that the first extra sum I earned should be devoted to the purchase of a good silver watch, better suited to my condition than the splendid one my father had left me. After all, thought I, it might have occasioned unfair suspicions, or have been an object of cupidity to such men as Leonard Howe.

As I was in season to see something of Albany—after procuring a cheap and clean lodging for the night—I began my walk. My spirits had recovered their usual tone ; when I thought over my past life, I felt how much cause I had for thankfulness ; it inspired me with confidence for the future. Even my New York adventure had given me more trust in myself ; I was no longer the same timid lad. I had submitted without debasement, and pleaded my cause in the midst of learned men ; I had eventually been treated with cordiality and respect ; I had acquired a noble friend in Mr. Collins—and all this without a single recommendation—only by my own honest representations—by the invincible power of *truth*. Never may I depart from thee, I involuntarily exclaimed, even though disgrace and imprisonment be the consequences of my adherence !

I spent all that remained of daylight in walking about Albany. I had qualified myself for my travels, that I might not lose the benefit of them. I expected to find Dutch antiquities in this place ; but everything I inquired for was taken down. There is nothing old tolerated in this new world. Old Dutch Albany was full of new brick buildings, painted and plastered. I was disappointed ; I expected to see something like foreign countries ; I had read so in my school-books.

I inquired for General Schuyler's residence ; he was one of the brave heroes of our revolutionary war. I remembered what I had once heard related, in my native town, by an honourable gentleman connected with him.

During the revolutionary war, a price was set upon the

General's head. A party of refugees determined to take him by surprise. He was then residing in this house, the very house before me. He only obtained information of the plot in time to make a few hasty preparations for their reception. His guard consisted of fourteen men, who usually resided in the out-buildings. He placed them in the centre of the house for better security, but desired them to deposit their arms in the cellar, for fear of accidents. His house fronted the North River; and in the evening, while his family were at tea, a knocking was heard at the back door. A servant entered, and told General Schuyler that Captain W—— wished to speak with him. This man had been indicated as the leader of his enemies. The General immediately ordered the doors and windows to be barred, while the guard rushed down the cellar for their arms. Captain W——, however, followed by his men, partly Indians, had gained an entrance to the house, and discovered that the guards were in the cellar. The contest began with them; three of the guards were wounded, and two taken prisoners. By this time they had taken possession of the lower part of the house, while the General with his eldest son, John, had retired to an upper room, fronting the city of Albany. The only weapon of defence he had was a sword, which he gave his son, and stationed him at the door; he himself flashing pistols at the window, not loaded, for he had no ammunition, but endeavouring to give notice to his friends of an attack.

The enemy, whose object was the capture of the General's person, after seeking for him below, arrived at the door; he ordered his son to throw it open, and exclaimed from the window, "Come on, my brave fellows, and you will capture every one of these rascals."

His manner was so bold and decided, and his tone so resolute, that, thinking a company of militia had arrived, they turned and rushed down the stairs out of the door they

entered; the remaining guard, with all the household servants, pursued them, shouting and making as much noise as possible; and so great was the panic of the ruffians, consisting of refugees and Indians, that they dropped a tankard they had purloined, carrying off the cover.


The two guards which were taken prisoners, were finally released by the General's unremitting exertions, and he settled a farm on each.

This little narrative has been before published in Brant's life. I will now mention a few things which never have been published.

General Schuyler was a man of energetic habits, of great industry, and an early riser; he never was in bed after five in the morning, and his first occupation was to smoke a pipe;—a custom which he probably owed to his Dutch origin. Immediately after, the duties and business of the day began, and he gave but little time to recreation. No one ever saw him idle; whatever he was employed about absorbed him, and he seemed wholly insensible to the conversation around him. There are many instances of his strict justice and integrity.

He was born in 1733, and was the grandson of Peter Schuyler, the mayor of Albany. He inherited a large estate from his uncle, but insisted on its being divided equally, and shared it with his brothers and sisters. When Hamilton's financial system went into operation, the General was urged to speculate in public securities; but he declined on account of the Secretary's being his son-in-law, lest it might throw some suspicion on their mutual patriotism and disinterestedness.

He was served by slaves, as all men were at that period, but being an observing man he was struck with the peculiar deportment of one of them. He found, upon inquiry, that this man always took his meals alone—that he never went to them without washing,—and that all his habits were those of a man



of refinement. General Schuyler questioned him on the subject, and fully satisfied himself that he was of high birth, a *prince* in his own country.

He was working in the fields—he took him into the house and gave him an office near himself. Prince soon became his confidential servant, and discovered remarkable intelligence and refinement. His own separate apartment was allowed him, and the friends of the family treated him like an equal. Every New-year's day he called on all of them, and they received him with the utmost cordiality.

Previously to the revolution, Mrs. Schuyler said, "Prince, I wish you would put a tooth-pick under my plate every day." This he never omitted doing for forty years. General Schuyler related the circumstance to Mr. Jay. Afterwards when this gentleman was abroad, and it was necessary to communicate some private political information to General Schuyler, he directed a letter to "the master of the man, who, for forty years never omitted to put a tooth-pick under his mistress's plate." The letter reached its destination safely. There could be but one such, designated.

As Prince became advanced, the General was careful of his health;—he always took his station behind his master's chair. One day the General thought he looked feeble, and he said, "Prince, you need not attend on me to-day."

Not long after, one of the children came in, and said, "Father, poor Prince is crying; he says now he has grown old, you won't let him wait on you." The General filled a glass with wine and told the child to take it to Prince and ask him to drink his health, and get strong for to-morrow's attendance. From this time, till he wholly failed, he took his usual station.


Prince was as remarkable for punctuality as his master, and was never known to fail in any habitual duty. He was once earnestly solicited by some of his friends to be a bearer at a funeral. He told them he could not possibly consent, unless

they were punctual to a certain time—they promised to be so, and he warned them that when the clock struck, he must, at any rate, leave them. They did not pay much attention to this information, and were dilatory in their arrangements. Before they arrived at the grave, the clock struck. He stopped, and told them he had no more time, and walked off, leaving them to supply his place.

General Schuyler was in the habit of rising early, and, after smoking his pipe which I before mentioned,—had often covered one or two sheets of paper, before the family assembled, with mathematical calculations, for which he had great taste and knowledge. His habits were devotional. He always read a prayer in the morning as a preparation of mind for the day. In conversation, as in writing, his language was simple and concise—not a word more or less than was necessary. His expressions natural, strong, and interesting ;—exhibiting evidence of a mind in search of truth. Though acquainted with belles-lettres literature, he seldom introduced those subjects with gentlemen, but conversed upon improvements which he often suggested, in law, agriculture, and canals—indeed whatever could practically promote the welfare of his fellow-beings. A distinguished man who knew him well, said, that “his mind was an arch of science, keyed by common sense.”

He inherited a large estate, and might have amassed an immense fortune, but he had no desire to accumulate wealth, and always refused to purchase Indian lands, or speculate in *soldiers' rights*, which at that period was not an uncommon source of profit.

He was very regular in his accounts, and used to say “it was difficult to be perfectly honest without being methodical.” He was one of the first that *discussed* slavery, and liberated his slaves at an early period—detaining them two years on wages while he could prepare their minds for freedom, and supply the places of those who were to leave him.



Would that we had more personal anecdotes of our heroes and patriots.

I had at first thought of Leonard Howe with unmitigated indignation ; but sentiments of pity began to rise in my heart. If he meant to throw the obloquy on me he had failed ; and this circumstance left me room for compassion. He was henceforth an outcast—a wanderer ; he could not return to New England, and was hardly safe anywhere. Most earnestly I hoped that the briefness of his career might be a salutary lesson, and turn his heart from evil. In such thoughts a part of my night passed in Albany ; at length sleep came, and with it oblivion—no dreams haunted my pillow—and I awoke in the morning cheerful and refreshed.

I found, upon enquiry, that my right way was to take a passage in a freight boat by the canal. Just as we were embarking, a night steamer arrived from New York. A young gentleman who came in her, and whom I had seen at Mr. Collins's, approached me and put a packet into my hand, with a letter fastened on the outside. I perceived at once that it was my watch ; and I actually trembled ; I feared that Mr. Collins had mistaken my motives. I viewed the thing in a new light ; it seemed to me that I had been guilty of a piece of impertinence. I forgot all my former mode of reasoning, and set out on a new course ; it was not till we had proceeded several miles that I gained courage to open the letter. It ran thus :—

FRIEND HENRY,

Thy gift speaks more for the goodness of thy heart than for thy judgment, or thou wouldest not have imagined a sober *Quaker*, like myself, would wear thy gay watch. What would they have thought when I chanced to look at it on 'Change ! I have, however, preserved a keepsake ; I have had the odd links taken from the chain—and they are attached to my watch-key—this I shall wear for thy sake.

Keep thy watch ; I shall be satisfied with thy gratitude and good conduct. Write me when thou hast arrived at thy new home.


Your true friend,

EZRA COLLINS.

Then after all I had not mistaken the dictates of my own heart,—and he, the good man ! had understood them ; and he was going to wear the links of the chain in memorial of my father, and of the son he had so much benefited. And who was I to thank for all these blessings ?—not myself—my thoughts arose to one source, the Giver of all good, and I mentally said, “ In him will I trust.”

I opened the box, and there reposed the watch on its bed of *cotton wool*, with its bright face looking full in mine ; it seemed to me like a living thing. I had associated it with all that was dear to me before ; a new tie was now attached to it,—it was restored to me by my benefactor as a pledge for my good conduct. I took it gently from its refuge, examined the chain, and saw, to my surprise, a new gold key attached to it. I examined it, and found it was on a new plan, with a revolving barrel to wind either way, with the cypher of E. C. I at once understood that he had sent me his own key ; the original one was on the same ring—it hardly looked like gold by its companion.

Of my passage by the canal I have but little to say that is not familiar to most people who travel at all ; yet to me it was new and full of interest. After leaving Albany in the line-boat bound for the West, by rising from the basin by the first locks, a fine view presented itself. The Hudson River, parallel and but a few rods distant—with the Rensselaer estate. The numerous locks must try the patience of busy travellers. We passed near the United States Arsenal ; I was told there were relics of the Revolutionary War to be seen—cannon taken at Saratoga and Yorktown. I soon learned to



quit the boat while it was passing through the locks ; I even ran to the bridge which connects the road over the Mohawk to Waterford, and took a look at the falls above—but it was only a glimpse.

Of the Cohoes, or Falls, we had a good view, and also of the manufacturing villages. In some seasons the bed of the Mohawk below the falls is almost dry, and can be forded ; but at this season, soon after the melting of the snow, it was a tremendous torrent, many feet wide, and covered with white foam.

The aqueducts over the Mohawk astonished me by their huge fabric of stone and piers. I had a little time to view Schenectady, and did not waste it. After this I met with many objects of particular interest ; nothing can exceed the general beauty of the country.

After all, it is an idle way of travelling ; and I was heartily glad when I arrived at Buffalo. But here a new temptation beset me ; I could see the wonder of the world—what I had read and dreamt of—Niagara Falls, by rail-road, with only eighteen miles travel. It did not suit my plan of economy ; I felt that I had nothing to spend on pleasure ; but was not this an object which ought to be excepted from my general rule ? Perhaps it was my only chance—I might better suffer hunger and thirst than let this glorious opportunity pass. I will be economical, thought I, but not sordid.

I decided well. Never can I express the sensations which overwhelmed me. It was a new conception of the power of the Deity—him who had opened the hollow of his hand and poured forth this mighty flood of waters. I had seen him in the beautiful meadows, the exquisite flowers, the winding rivers,—in the rising and setting sun, in the silver crescent, and starry heavens : but here it was majesty, not loveliness—it was sublimity, not beauty, and I felt as if there was scarcely a “veil in the temple to divide the Holy of Holies from the Holy place.” The impression is now as strong on my mind



as then, as it dwelt with me ever since, and I can at any time recall the everlasting roar of the waters. I have an indistinct idea of seeing gay and fashionable people around me—beautiful women laughing and talking, but I was absorbed in the one idea, and it will never pass from me. Ah, there are advantages in being alone and friendless! I stood on the summit of Table-rock, and wandered to the foot of the mighty cataract: I communed with no visible being; but there was One present—he who sitteth among the clouds!

I returned to Buffalo, embarked on Lake Erie, and pursued my way by Lakes St. Clair, Huron, and Michigan. At Chicago I took a passage to Peru, then the steamboat as directed to Peoria, and thence to Springfield; at the tavern I found a teamster just setting off for Cassius, my place of destination, and he offered to take me with him for twenty-five cents. This was a fortunate arrangement for me, as I learned something of the life I was entering upon.

When we were seated in his waggon, he asked me, significantly, if I had “brought all my *plunder*?”

This question somewhat embarrassed me. Can it be possible, thought I, that the story of my unfortunate arrest has preceded me?

“You have heard that I was coming?” said I.

“Never a drap of it,” he replied.

It was some time before I understood that by plunder, he meant my effects.<sup>1</sup>

“I suppose you hav’n’t brought your chist empty for a coffin?” continued he.

“No,” said I; “I have brought all I thought I should want at present.”

“Then you *aint* a-going to timber?”

I answered at a venture “No.”

“Well, if you had a notion, I’d make you acquainted with Uncle Sam.”

“You are very kind,” I modestly replied; “as I am a

stranger, I should like much to be acquainted with any clever people amongst you. I should like to know him."

"Eh, you want to borrow, do you?"

"No, I never borrowed in my life."

"It may be you'll sing another song—there's many a chap borrows from Uncle Sam, 'cause he asks no interest."

"He must be a most benevolent person," said I, "if it is for the pleasure of doing good he lends his money without interest."

A loud, boisterous shout of merriment from the red-faced teamster, entirely abashed me.

I said, with some spirit, "Do you see anything in me which so much diverts you?"

As soon as he could speak for laughing, he said, "You are green."

"Yes, sir," said I, "Henry Green—do you know anything against my name?"

"Not a drap," he replied, giving me a tremendous slap, "I have a suspicion you are a clever chap, only not half baked," and another boisterous laugh followed.

"Perhaps," said I, "you may recommend me to some house where I can board cheap?"

"I reckon," was his only answer.

Supposing he did not understand my question, I again repeated it.

"I a'n't deaf," said he—"are you?—I reckon."

I was not much delighted with my companion. It was evident he entertained no respect for me or my more civilized manners. To have resented his cavalier treatment would have been folly, so I pocketed his rudeness, and determined to procure all the knowledge I could from him relating to the place to which I was going. I found they had no meeting-house or church, but met for public worship in a large room in the tavern, but he said they were thinking of building one. I

supposed from his remarks that they were Baptists, as he said there was, at some seasons of the year, a great scarcity of water, and in a dry season they had to dam up a creek in order to create a sufficient rise for immersion. "And then," said he, "it is often nothing more nor less than a *slew*, and they come out covered with mud."

Our conversation—if it could be called so—consisting of questions on both sides, and laconic answers, was often interrupted by the difficulty of our route. I had had but little experience of a road through a timber country, as my journey had been made chiefly by rail-road, the Lakes, and occasionally a few miles on foot. This twenty miles had seemed nothing in perspective, but already I began to feel that it would have been a saving of wearisomeness to have walked it. We often came to the *slews*, as he called them, and we went down in the mud to the hub of the wheel, then both of us had to put our shoulders to the burden, and my clothes were in a forlorn state: I am sure they were "sloughs of despond" to me.

He encouraged me by saying we should come to a county road the last eight miles, and get on glib.


I could perceive but few signs of travelling in this thick and dark forest; suddenly, however, I observed a tree with the bark shaved on one side. I pointed it out to him.

"Yes," said he, "it is a blaze."

"I suppose," said I, "you clear off your woods by fire. I should like to see the blaze—if there is no danger, shall we go near it?"

"I guess we are in it now." I now found by numerous questions that when a little bark is shaved off on one side of the trees it is called a blaze, and indicates a "*neighbourhood road*," which, unless in a dry season, is very bad.

When three notches are cut in the trees it indicates a county road, and is in tolerable order.



I must not omit to mention the first impressions made on my mind by travelling through these majestic forests. It often appeared as if no ray of light had ever shone upon the ancient trunks. They were clothed in a deep green moss, and their huge roots protruding from the ground were blackened by age and moisture. Then the sounds were so mournful and low—such a sighing among the mighty branches! They seemed formed in a world anterior to ours, and looked as if they might stand for ages to come. They were worthy to overshadow Niagara, and were placed by the side of it in my own mind. My thoughts were wandering far away—I verily believe to years before the flood—when a shout in my ear from my companion recalled my attention.

“Dip,” said he, “if you don’t want to be a head shorter!” I saw he stooped low, and I mechanically did the same.

The long branches of “*timber*” swept over us. I had unconsciously extended my hand, and received a slight wound on it from a jagged limb: it bled profusely.

I took my handkerchief from my pocket to staunch the blood and bind it up.

“Well, now,” said the teamster, as he laid down his *lines* to help me, “I see one thing a *handkecher* is good for; I never know’d for what people made such a fuss about handkechers—they always seemed to me of no necessary use.” Suddenly he exclaimed, “You are a minister, I guess?” and, slapping his own knee, “I’ve hit it now.”

“No,” I replied; “I have no pretension to that calling; but if there is any opening for a schoolmaster, I should like to keep a school.”

“Do you know quill work?” said he, assuming at once an important air; “’cause we are particklar.”

“I have recommendations, and specimens of my handwriting.”

"You are in luck, any how," said he; "we've jist sent off the last one, so there's a clearing."

I felt my courage reanimated. "I think," said I, "I could give satisfaction."

"Do you know about grammar, and all that—our folks is particklar about grammar; I've got children of my own to send to school."

"I am willing," said I, "to be examined, as to all the branches I profess to teach."

"Now I declare," said he, "this is curious. I suppose I look like nothing more nor less than a teamster, do I?"

"I thought you were one," said I, hardly knowing how to answer.

"For all that," said he, "I'm a justice of peace—I'm Squire March—I guess I've fixed you now;" and he gave one of his shouts of laughter. "Well, I an't a bit proud—so you needn't be dashed—and we'll examine you; and if you are qualified you'll have the school; but remember I'm as sharp as a meat-axe. Now you must know," said he, growing more communicative, and lowering his voice, "I have jist been to return the schoolmaster. He wouldn't do, he got adry too often; and so I jist tackled up, and let him down as softly as I could. Now I am jist returning, and, as I say, it's awful curious that I should pick you out of the mud."

It did seem to be a strange coincidence; but I began to think life was made up of such, and I wondered what I should meet with next.

As I perceived, from his own account, that I had an influential man before me, I thought it best to interest him if possible in my plans.

I told him that I wished to be a settler at Cassius if I could give and receive satisfaction—that after I had established a school I hoped to purchase a quarter section, and build a log-house—that I had understood their schoolmasters remained

with them but a short time—that he must see the advantage of having one permanently residing amongst them, and that I hoped to do good, and conduct myself in such a way as to have the countenance of honest men.

“That’s right,” said he; “I should like to have you make that speech in town meeting; set it down.”

I told him I could remember it, and say much more besides.

He said no doubt he could fix it.

He then told me he had put up a sign, and accommodated friends, and that I might go to his house—and his old woman would find a corner for my plunder. I asked him what board I should be expected to pay.

He said if I was content with pork and Indian bread, I could board for a dollar a week; if I wanted *chicken fixings*, I must pay more.

I disclaimed the *chicken fixings*, and told him I should ask nothing more than clean wholesome fare. We now jogged along like intimate friends; all suspicion was banished from my mind; he might laugh and shout at pleasure—I was in a happy mood, and not disposed to take offence.

We passed several log-houses, at a quarter of a mile’s distance from each other, and at length came in sight of a two-story wooden house.

“I suspect,” said I, “we are near Cassius?”

“You are jist half right,” said he, “for we are in it, and that house is my public.”

He drove up to the door; and when we entered he was warmly welcomed by his wife and half-a-dozen children.

They all enquired about the schoolmaster.—“Let him down as well as I could; pulled the pin out of the cart, and left him.” It was some time afterwards that I understood with how much kindness and delicacy he had got rid of an idle, ignorant, and intemperate teacher.

"Come, old woman," said he to his wife, who looked young enough to be his daughter, "stir round, for I am as sharp as a meat-axe—what you got for supper?"

The question was unnecessary, and I think there was a little ostentation in it, for the pork and cabbage in the frying-pan were playing to the tune of bubble and squeak most audibly. The squire went out immediately to take care of the horses, who were heartily tired with their day's work; and the children gathered round me with shy curiosity.

At length all was placed on the table, and we gathered up to it. Whatever was the manner in which the repast was served, it did not repel my appetite.


"I did not know," said the squire to his wife, "but you might have treated us with ham doins."

"Well, I would," said Mrs. March, "if I had a-know'd you'd brought a stranger; but I know'd you liked pork better nor anything."

"Who says I've brought a stranger?" said the squire; "it is no such thing, I've brought a schoolmaster—and he is going to live here for the present; so let him coddle in with the boys."

There was a hearty good-will about this man, that filled me with gratitude and affection; he had laughed at me, and indeed seemed to despise my ignorance—but there was the christian feeling of brotherhood shining through all his roughness. A sentiment of kindness pervaded his character, without display or ostentation,—but, like most settlers, in a new country, he wanted genuine *self-respect*; and how could he feel it for others? The habits of civilized life do something for us, they habituate us to cleanliness and personal neatness, which become essential to our moral dignity.

Squire March was an honest, upright man, and would have despised a low action; but he suffered the outward man to be sadly neglected, and seldom thought it worth while to perform any regular ablutions. His old woman, as he called her, cast



no silent reproach upon him, but trod in his footsteps, and led her children in the same path. You will easily perceive that I found many trials in my new abode, but I determined to try my influence with the children if they were entrusted to my care ; and I began at once to teach them by example. The free use of water becomes necessary to our comfort by habit, and I resolved to accustom them to bathing and swimming.

The first morning after my arrival I arose early ; the atmosphere without was mild, but within it was summer heat ; no windows ~~were~~ thrown open to air the apartments—and, on examining, I found they were not intended to be raised, but to be taken out ; being a new house, the obvious ill consequences of taking out a glass window, and setting it in any accidental place and manner had not occurred. The panes were yet whole, but so encrusted with dirt, that it was difficult to see through them. I asked the two boys—one eight, the other ten years old—where we were to wash. They carried me out to the rain-water trough in the clearing, from which the animals drank, and where, by the feathers swimming on the top, I concluded the fowls bathed. It was too repulsive ; and I said to the little fellows, “ I will show you a better way, if you will go with me to the mill-stream.”

They gladly assented ; I returned to my *plunder*, selected one or two of the white towels that my dear cousin Ellen had provided for me, and off we went, leaping over stumps of trees in our gambols. My heart was light—I saw before me a world of usefulness—and I felt that I could win the confidence of these little fellows.

They led me to a smooth, glassy sheet of water, about two feet deep ; and in this I initiated my young friends—promising them, when they became familiar with bathing, that I would learn them to swim in deep water. I then gave them one of my towels, while I went through my own ablutions.

You will perhaps wonder that an incident so trifling as this should come into my narrative ; but has not my whole life



been made up of trifles? Causes are often disproportioned to effects. In the present instance my influence with the boys had begun by this simple operation; and they returned with a pure and healthy glow upon their cheeks.

April mornings, in New England, are often cold and misty; but here the sun arose in full glory, and shone warm and red upon the water, giving it the cast of opal.

Heaps of brush and dried grass were scattered about, and such bright beams fell upon them, that they seemed ready for conflagration.

The boys amused themselves with throwing grass at each other; and finally they became so familiar as slyly to give me a share of it; it was a fair challenge—I accepted it, and pelted them in turn.

We entered the house like playmates; breakfast was ready, and the odour of fried pork was not unwelcome to either of us after our morning exercises; but there were details connected with want of neatness that excited a disgust I found difficult to overcome. The Squire had begun his repast, Mrs. March was preparing the coffee, the oldest daughter seemed to be assisting her, and a very little girl was crawling about the room.


Suddenly the mother exclaimed, "Well now, boys, what is the meaning of this? You are covered with dirt. Where have you been?"

Some of the hay and dried grass had clung to our garments.

"We have been with *He*," said one of the boys, pointing to me; "*He* has been a cleaning us at the brook."

"A cleaning you!" exclaimed the angry mother. "You are as dirty as pigs, and so is *he*—you ain't fit to come among *christian* folks. Go shake yourselves."

The boys vociferated that they had been to wash in the brook, and that they were *clean*, but at length they were borne down by the assertions of the mother, and we quietly ate our breakfast.



I have related this little scene, because it fully illustrates Mrs. March's ideas of neatness. The exterior was alone observed, garments were turned on the wrong side when the right was greased and soiled ; bed-linen, and those rare articles, table-cloths, shared the same fate.

How often I thought of the order and neatness of my grandmother's dwelling, and, above all, of Ellen's care that everything should be arranged with method ! Then came before me, her bright animated face, her dark, sparkling eyes, her cherry-coloured lips, and those conspicuous white teeth which used to half displease me. I contrasted her figure with my landlady's, for whom nature had done as much ; for it was really good : but with the purity of the exterior that of the mind seemed wanting. Then her feet ! how forcibly they brought Ellen's to my recollection, with her snowy white stockings and black morocco slippers. She was peculiar in her household dress ; she wore a short gown and dark skirt, with a light-coloured apron, and when engaged in domestic work, her sleeves were raised above her elbows, leaving her fair, round arms exposed to view. Mrs. March wore her sleeves to the wrist ; consequently they partook of the nature of her occupation ; and then her long robes were continually in her way, and often upset her skillet. When this happened, she would generally give it an impatient push with her foot.

It is not my intention to dwell on the peculiarities of manner which I found in my new abode ; but the want of method and neatness was too striking to pass by, and I formed a thousand plans for reform. I was curious to know whether it was confined to one house, or whether the whole town of Cassius shared the same deficiency.

As my great object was to obtain a school, I consulted with Squire March on the usual proceeding. By his direction I drew up a statement of what I proposed to teach, and my

terms for each scholar, and he kindly offered to take me in his waggon and go round with me to the different families.

I found that I had my way to make over the rubbish which my predecessor had left behind. They had taken him on his own recommendation, and he had proved every way inadequate.

I exhibited my specimens of penmanship, and the letter of recommendation from my schoolmaster, testifying to my moral character and qualifications for teaching. I also told them that I did not come amongst them for a summer's residence, but that I meant to become a settler ;—that if I succeeded in giving satisfaction I hoped to receive the aid of the school fund, and to purchase a quarter-section, for which I had laid by it towards it *pretty considerable funds*.

Simple as was this statement, and humble as were my pretensions,—they were well received. I have always found, that however illiterate or ignorant people may be, we may generally rely upon their good sense, or, perhaps, I ought rather to say, upon a perception of their own interest. About thirty landholders signed my paper, which constituted nearly the whole number belonging to Cassius. My good friend, Squire March, headed the paper, and I was not a little indebted to him for my favourable reception, he being one of the trustees of the school fund.

It may be well to mention, that there is a reservation made by the United States for the use of schools. The sixteenth section of every township is always appropriated to this purpose. Every one knows that a section is six hundred and forty acres.

A purchaser of land may buy a quarter-section, or, if he desires it, it may be subdivided into eighty acres, and then into forty : this is the smallest quantity sold by government. A man may take two forties, one forty of prairie land, and another forty of timber. By this means they often greatly

improve their bargain, taking two forties of the best land from any section.

The hundred dollars left me by my father remained entire, and this I had appropriated to the purchase of eighty acres of land, being the exact amount.

The expenses of my journey on, I had defrayed from my earnings, and I had still something left for my board at one dollar per week, and other necessary expenses.

I am aware that it is painful for a generous spirit to submit to the trammels of penury, to be constantly calculating the outgoings of dollars and cents, to live in the cheapest manner, to wear ordinary and coarse garments, to travel on foot to save the expense of riding,—in short, to make cheapness, not comfort, his unvarying standard—it is not only painful, but it has a tendency to narrow the mind, and produce a sordid anxiety for the future.

But though this situation of life has its evils, it has likewise its blessings; the man who lives within his means has a feeling of independence which enobles his moral nature, and counteracts the influence of these petty details.

It is true that he cannot be liberal, but he denies himself that he may be just to others. The man who preserves his independence, who neither borrows nor begs, who incurs no debts, has a shield against temptation.

In this sense the poet was right, when he declared "An honest man the noblest work of God," for he stands morally equal with the most exalted of his fellow-men.

In the course of my short life, and when obliged to practise a penurious economy, I have sometimes felt a momentary degradation at the sneers and raillery of such men as Leonard Howe, and other dissolute fellow-boarders who contrived to appear regardless of money, probably because it was not their own. But I felt now the wisdom of this self-denial. I had in my own hands the means of an honest living. One of

our great men said, many years ago, "On a hundred acres of American forest a man may become a substantial farmer."\*

This farm, if I pleased, was mine ; but before I made the purchase, I wished fully to weigh the advantages and disadvantages, and also the chances I might have of being established as a respectable and useful teacher.

At length the day arrived on which I was to open my school. The section allotted by the government was sufficiently central. The school-house was built in a rough style, with logs like the children's cob-houses, and stood on the prairie, not far from timber land.

It was a desolate-looking place in itself; yet there was a picturesque beauty about the little building—standing alone, and sheltered by wild grape-vines—with flowers springing round it of the brightest hue—that sent gladness to my heart. For the mild season I could desire nothing more lovely. And then the forest, the dark, mysterious forest near, where I might spend my noon-day intervals between schools. However valuable might be the prairie land, it was its dowry of timber that seemed to me inestimable. What can supply the place of trees that have scarcely attained their growth in a century? The period of man's life dwindles into a point compared with theirs! Near the edge of the prairie, not many rods from the school-house, stood four or five of these magnificent *landholders*. I looked at them with reverence. It seemed as if they were placed there to guard the entrance to the dark and gloomy forest, matted with underwood. I determined that this spot should be my pleasure-ground; here I would exercise my ingenuity in making rustic seats—and when completed, I would devote a portion of my time to study and meditation. I would endeavour to develop the true nature and end of my existence; and here, too, I would indulge dreams of domestic happiness, that, as yet, was

\* Franklin.

hardly shadowed out in my imagination ; but now I must to my work, for the scholars are arriving.

I am not going to enter the details of my new occupation. I will only mention that my trials, and they were many, proceeded from the parents. In this new settlement, jealousy, suspicion, and an overweening ambition, stimulated by parental affection, were disproportionate to all other powers of mind.

The boy who behaved well and acquired the best lesson, obtained the highest place in his class. This drew upon him an abundance of ill-will, and upon the schoolmaster the constant charge of *partiality*. One mother, whose son had been allowed to stay at home for the most trifling excuses, almost every day, finding that he continued at the foot of the class, came to remonstrate.

"I should like to know what James has done that you always keep him at the bottom?"

"The difficulty is," I replied, "that he has done nothing, and does nothing."

"Well, I won't have it, no how ; so you may put him up at the head, and a-done with it, or I'll take him away from school ; for I won't have him trod upon, no how."

"Perhaps," said I, "if you let him come steadily, he may get his lessons, and shortly take his turn at the head."

"But I can't spare him ; I want him to help me, don't I, Jim?"

"Yes," said Jim ; "you want me to drive out the pigs, and rock the baby, while you go a visiting."

"That's a thumper. It is not no such thing ; you know you are out of sight as soon as my back is turned," retorted the mother.

The boys were attentive to the conversation, and I would not lose this opportunity of giving them a lesson.

"Mrs. Barber, I can do no more for your son than for any other of the scholars. He must get his own lesson ; no human

power can do it for him. If you do not let him have the same advantages, and the same opportunities of learning as his school-mates, it is you that keep him at the bottom of the class ; if he does not improve the opportunities given him, and is idle and inattentive, he keeps himself there, and there is no use in his coming to school."

"James," said I, addressing him mildly, "would you like to be at the head of the class?"

He replied with quickness, "Yes."

"Very well, you must work for it ; do you not see that we obtain nothing without labour ? If a man owns a whole section of land, he cannot have a farm without cultivation ; he must plough the ground and sow his grain. Now, boys, each of you own a farm in his own right. Your mind is your's by the gift of your heavenly Father, and a noble gift it is, and full of treasures. The poet says,

'My mind a kingdom is.'

We will say my mind is a farm ; now what will you do for it first ? all may answer, and the one that answers best shall be at the head of the class this morning ; I give you ten minutes to think it over."

I found Mrs. Barber began to take some interest in the question, for she seated herself, exclaiming, "I never!"

At the end of the ten minutes I took out my watch, and called for an answer. Some replied, I will fence mine, others, I will sow corn and melons in mine ; but most of them said, I will plough mine. James Barber was silent. "You have not answered," said I.

"Why don't you say plough it, you goose," exclaimed his mother.

"'Cause I a'n't a mind to," said the boy.

"Well, Jim, say what you think." I marked his kindling eye.

"I'd drain it," said he, "and clear away the stumps and the rubbish, and then I'd plough it and sow grain."

"Go uppermost," said I; "you have answered best."

I took much pains to make the illustration clear to their comprehension—to compare the stagnant pools to the disorders of the mind—and to impress upon them the importance of keeping it free from impurities. It was a morning of improvement; and when I saw how much might be done for them in morals, the tasks of spelling, grammar, &c., seemed to me of secondary importance. A conscientious teacher in a new settlement has to supply the influences which ought to be given at home. "The school may do much; but alas for the child where the instructor is not assisted by the influences of home!"

I ought to say that from this time James was regular at school, and seemed gradually to receive a new impulse;—his mother was satisfied, for he was sometimes at the head of his class.

My great object was to teach my scholars the worth of their own souls. I was willing "to toil long to plant but one truth." I did not mean to disregard the elements of learning; I considered them the keys which unlock science. But I felt that my vocation was a higher and a nobler one,—I thought of the anecdote of Milton, who, when in Italy, heard of the troubles of his own country. He declared his intention of returning home immediately, that he might do something for his fatherland. And what did he do? He opened a small school, and devoted those talents which have shed light on successive ages, to the instruction of children. Not to teaching them their A B C, but to developing the powers of their minds—to making them future wise and good men.

Wo be to that man who opens a school in a new settlement with no other view than earning a living! I say a new settlement; not that the same duties do not occur everywhere, but they are particularly binding where there is a deficiency of home moral influences.

There is no more effective way of instruction than familiar



conversation, and how much does this lighten the task of an intelligent and benevolent teacher! He may gather lessons from all, and everything around him, for nature is continually furnishing him with materials. As I dwelt on this subject I felt my mind kindle with enthusiasm, and I fully believed that the age of pedagogues had passed—that children henceforth would be led by the simple elements of truth and goodness. I knew that I could not make them virtuous, but I could help them to be so—I could show them the beauty and worth of virtue—I could help them to become the children of their Father in Heaven. In my zeal I forgot that there were *lions* in the path. I forgot my own inefficiency. Alas for poor human nature, that our good purposes can so inflate us! at that moment I could almost in perspective, have adopted the language of Job, “When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me.”

In looking back to this period, I perceive that I greatly over-rated my own moral energy, but I do not detect any false ambition in my motives. It was not the path of popularity I was seeking—I had an earnest desire to be useful. Perhaps I had a secret, undefined feeling, like Falstaff, that if I found honour in my path, I would not reject it.

My school began to make a more respectable appearance, my scholars came with clean faces and tolerably clean hands. I have mentioned that a schoolmaster hands a paper round stating his terms and what he professes to teach, for the parents to sign. Some will sign for one scholar, some for three scholars, some more and some less. He may send half-a-dozen children, but as the term is sixty days they can only send six scholars for ten days.

The records are kept by the master, who is obliged to set down their names, the township in which they live, and the day of the month on which they come, also the number of days he attends. This is done in order to give the statement to the school-commissioners on oath, that the school may

draw the fund appropriated for that purpose. As the section set apart is often allowed to lie idle, some other means for the support of the school must be devised, and it is this which induces the parents to sign. Were their system of school-keeping like that of our New England schools, they would stand a much better chance of having respectable schoolmasters ; but where they only sign for a certain number of days, and have the liberty of sending a different scholar each day, there can no proficiency be made in any individual branch of learning. This, to a teacher whose only object is to get his money, is as good as any other way, perhaps rather better, for he is sure of getting the whole paid for. But far otherwise were my views ; my earnest desire was to diffuse knowledge, and when some of my really promising scholars had come to the end of their time before my quarter had expired, I felt bitter regret. Another disadvantage was, that they might be as remiss as they pleased at one time, making it up at another. Parents would keep their children at home on any slight pretence, because it made no odds, if they only got their money's worth. As I entered with my whole heart into my business, I felt assured that I could convince the whole town of Cassius that it would be far better for them to sign for the term, generously, as I thought, offering, where they could not afford it, to make some deduction of price. Hitherto the school had consisted wholly of boys ; but one morning, to my surprise, a bevy of girls poured in. One of them came forward as the spokes-woman of the rest, and said, " Master, will you let us come to school ?" this was said with some giggling amongst them. I replied, however, with becoming gravity, that if they came from a wish to acquire knowledge and with the consent of their parents, I had no objection.

Accordingly I entered their names, the towns in which they lived, &c., depending only on the school fund and the generosity of the parents for recompense ;—indeed so strong was my interest in my new vocation, which I had been anticipating

all my life, that, rather than not have had scholars I would have taught for little or nothing.

I looked forward to the time when I might see a new set of beings rising round me, and conscientiously devoted all my hours to their improvement. I found the girls more tractable than the boys, as I believe is universally the case. Though I firmly believe they first came from a mere frolic, they soon became deeply interested.

I strove to introduce lessons of moral philosophy suited to the comprehension of young people, and took the following questions and answers of Franklin for my model.

*Question.* Wherein consists the happiness of a rational creature ?

*Answer.* In having a sound mind, a healthy body, a sufficiency of the necessities and conveniences of life, together with the favour of God and the love of mankind.

*Question.* What do you mean by a sound mind ?

*Answer.* A faculty of reasoning justly and truly ; in searching after truth as relates to my happiness. This faculty is the gift of God, capable of being improved by experience and instruction into wisdom.

*Question.* What is wisdom ?

*Answer.* The knowledge of what will be best for us on all occasions, and the best ways of attaining it.

*Question.* Is any man wise at all times and in all things ?

*Answer.* No, but some are more frequently wise than others.

*Question.* What do you mean by the necessities of life ?

*Answer.* Having wholesome food and drink ; wherewithal to satisfy hunger and thirst ; clothing, and a place of habitation fit to secure us against the inclemencies of the weather.

*Question.* What do you mean by the conveniences of life ?

This last answer was left to their own ingenuity, and it was some time before I could get rational replies. I must, how-

ever, observe that in several instances PORK was put down among the conveniences of life.

The girls were more expansive in their ideas, and far more imaginative. They replied, friendship, praise, flowers, birds, and even articles of dress.

I was not a casuist, and it cost me much thought to class and arrange all under their proper heads. I am aware that this method of instruction was cultivating my own mind as well as theirs.

The second term was coming to a close; and, upon the whole, I was satisfied with the state of my school. I had accomplished my purpose of making rustic seats, assisted by the oldest of the boys; they were placed under the wide-spreading trees—and it was considered a privilege by the scholars to repair to this spot to recite their lessons. For myself, I felt something like Plato in his academic groves—and often spoke of the immortality of the soul, and reasoned with them on things to come.

I determined before the third term commenced to make some few alterations in the school system; the most important was the one already mentioned, of taking scholars only by the term, unless prevented by sickness or unavoidable accidents. Squire March, to whom I communicated my intention, good-humouredly opposed it. He said, “it might be a better way, but it would not go, no how.” It was so evident that it was only the good of the scholars I was seeking, that I was not discouraged, but wrote a circular, calmly stating my reasons for the proposed change—which I thought would carry conviction.

Nothing could exceed the indignation with which my poor circular was treated. One was nailed to a tree opposite my window, with the most opprobrious epithets attached to it; I met it on the door of my school-house, with a caricature of myself chalked under it; and I was told that the third was

ignominiously plastered on the wall of the county jail. I have since discovered that I might have omitted the records with impunity, and no questions would have been asked; this I believe is now generally done by the school-master—but I know not how he can clear his conscience from his oaths—at any rate I could not absolve mine. My circular was considered a defiance—I was stigmatized as a conceited puppy, pretending to teach, but taking up all the time with preaching. Some of the men said they wanted grammar, and no nonsense. But what was more trying to me than all other injuries—on the third morning after my circular had been issued, I found one of my favourite forest trees, at the foot of which I had made a seat, and was accustomed to meditate and plan improvements for my scholars, completely *girdled*. Strange as it may seem, this childish mode of revenge restored the equilibrium of my mind. I felt more of sorrow than anger—I could no longer view them as rational creatures—it seemed to me like insanity thus to mar and destroy one of the noblest works of the Deity, from motives of petty resentment. I felt pity for them, instead of irritation.

Squire March, who still stood my friend, told me there had been a town meeting (to be sure this consisted of but four or five men), to get a vote for dismissing the old school-master, and procuring a new one—that perhaps I had better resign, “as they were in an awful passion, and bringing up one thing arter another against me—in particklar that I did’nt teach no grammar.” I told him that I would first try to calm the storm I had so innocently raised.

He advised me “not to send any more of them bits of paper, *flourished off*, that that did not take with them—that none of them thought the better of a man ’cause he could write without making a blot—and for his own part, though he stood my friend, he must confess he did not like conceit.”

I ventured to ask if he meant to say that he thought me conceited.

He gave a good-humoured laugh, and his never-failing affirmative, "I reckon."

It is said we learn truth from our enemies; but here a friend had joined them in their accusation. I began to investigate my conduct and motives, and at length some few convictions found their way to my mind.

I could not disguise that I had come amongst them sufficiently impressed with my superior knowledge in *schoolmanship*, in the fine arts, and civilization.

I, a raw lad in my own town, living in obscurity, had expected to become a reformer in morals and habits; nor could I conceal that some thoughts of *future legislation* had mingled in my anticipations.

I was still fully convinced that my only object was the benefit of the human race — that I had no desire of exalting myself. The knowledge of ourselves is a difficult study, and we must be willing to borrow the eyes of our enemies to assist the investigation.

I now looked over my circular, of which I had kept a rough copy, and I candidly confess that, taking into view the character of the people, I did not wonder that it had given offence.

There was a parade of penmanship no doubt exasperating to those who could scarcely write legibly — and then the offensive words *improvement* and *reform* were liberally scattered through the document. I had even adverted to my care for the health and pleasure of my pupils, in constructing seats for them that they might study in the open air, under the shade of noble forest trees. Alas! this little touch of vanity had cost one of those tenants of the wilderness its life of a century's growth. I had spoken of my gratuitous lessons in moral philosophy, and completed the previous document by informing the parents of my determination to change the established system of the school; and, though not expressly written, the inference was very naturally drawn, that it was to

compel *them*, free agents, land-holders, some of them trustees, some of them justices of the peace, some of them legislators, and all of them *sovereigns* in their own right, to send their children constantly to school, whether they chose it or not.

I was not a little humbled by the new view I took of my circular ; and I now resolved to adopt the method that would have saved all this trouble. This was to go round to all their houses, and propose the change, leaving them to decide the matter.


I mentioned to Squire March my intention—and humbly acknowledged that I was obliged to him for his friendly hints, from which I hoped I should profit.

He shook me cordially by the hand—said he was convinced I was a clever lad, though *green* in every sense of the word—that I meant well, and that he would stand by me as long as there was any use in it. For that reason he would go round with me, for, to be honest, they were in such an awful stir that if I happened to utter an unlucky word I might get roughly handled.

And here I must mention one proud testimony to my honest and conscientious intentions. — The mothers and scholars invariably took my part, and my old enemy, Mrs. Barber, declared that she “would not sign for no other schoolmaster, no how.”

The women and children carried the day—I was permitted to begin my third term—the new proposal was dropped. It was hinted to me that they guessed I need not keep any record, that it would not be much observed.

Perhaps I might have hesitated for a moment, but I recollected the observation of my dear grandmother, when I thought I was deceiving her for her own good — “Bear it in mind, that a straight-forward, honest purpose, will support itself!” And I determined not to profit by this half-way concession, which in truth could answer no other purpose



than saving me time and trouble, but would not benefit my scholars. I therefore entered upon my third quarter without effecting any change, and quietly relinquished my favourite project. Justly hath the wise preacher said, "a soft answer turneth away wrath."

I am bound to give my testimony to these men of the West. Their anger, though hot, cooled as suddenly, when they found that they had a quiet, peaceable temper to deal with; and measures they had refused to concede to my circular, they co-operated with, probably on the conviction of their own good sense. The scholars came regularly to school; and, when absent, brought reasons afterwards that were satisfactory. How many times I thought of the excellent advice of my Quaker friend, which was given without measure: "Never forget, friend Henry," said he, "that the loss of self-command is the loss of reason. Never suffer thyself to be in a passion, it is giving up the reins to a wild horse."

"Can you always control your anger, sir?" I asked respectfully.

"Not as well as I could wish, though I should be unworthy the name of *Friend*, much more of *Christian*, if I did not endeavour to obtain a peaceable, forgiving temper. I have learnt to consider few things really worthy of anger, though there is much to excite disapprobation and commiseration. Far be from us revenge or violence—are we not children of one family? I feel it my duty to rejoice in all that promotes the happiness of my fellow-men. I see that our heavenly Father has given evidence of the universal relationship that he designs, by the intimate and useful connections in which they necessarily stand to each other, in the complication of their common occupations, and the influence which every one, the last as well as the first, has on the welfare of the rest.

"I perceive that they are nearly and remotely, knowingly and unknowingly, serving me in numberless ways, and I will



not suffer evil passions to break the bond by which God has bound us. I feel grief and deep compassion for the ravages and desolation which error and folly, vice and tyranny, commit upon the earth. But because other men forget their intimate and holy relations to each other, shall I do likewise? How can I ask blessings of God, if I do not try to obey his commands in serving my brothers and forgiving them, even though they act the part of enemies?"

Such was the language of my friend, Mr. Collins. He had written me one or two short letters, always interspersed with sensible and good observations, in reply to the wordy and elaborate epistles I wrote him.

Though his advice and observations were something like *preaching*, I have had reason all my life to acknowledge their truth and good sense, and I hope you will not be impatient if I sometimes quote a sentence or two.

Though I went on tolerably well after the excitement I had so innocently produced subsided, I had still many trials, many little personal vexations, and was obliged to make many sacrifices. The town of Cassius continued to increase in numbers. Among the new comers was a *young lady*, with the express purpose of opening a school for teaching various accomplishments. I had no objection to her sharing my female scholars, and readily offered my assistance in promoting her plan. Though I perceived her knowledge was superficial in many branches, I thought in needlework and some feminine accomplishments she might be useful.

The services I rendered her I considered slight, and they rather arose from her deficiencies than any personal interest I took in her. With a common face, she made great pretensions to beauty, and with a studied attention to dress there was very little neatness and good taste. Though her ringlets were in pimlico in the morning, by noon they gave little idea of natural or artificial curl. A profusion of chains and rings ornamented her neck and fingers. I should not mention all

this, except for the unfortunate effect it produced upon the young girls of Cassius. As she was recommended as a young lady of the highest fashion, she succeeded in introducing a love of glittering and tinsel jewellery which was much to be regretted. I often compared her, as I did every woman, with my cousin Ellen, and all fell short of her. She was constantly in my mind—her image, instead of fading, seemed to increase in brightness and strength. I had received only two letters from her; they were kind and affectionate, but I knew she was considerate about postage, as I was likewise, and I did not doubt her sisterly affection.

About this time I had the offer of a quarter section of land, part timber and part prairie, and, after consulting experienced landholders, I determined to invest my capital in the purchase. It joined on to the sixteenth section appropriated to the school, and I found that I could exchange twenty acres of timber for the same number belonging to the school section, taking into my lot my favourite forest trees. My heart was greatly in the matter, and I accomplished the purchase without difficulty. As I determined to build me a log-house in the spring, I began to select my timber from my own land. Some of my friends advised me not to be particular, but to borrow some of Uncle Sam, which means any unentered lot, and save my own for time of need. I could not accommodate my ideas to this manner of proceeding, but selected every tree from my own lot. Miss Kent, the new school-mistress, seeing how much I must necessarily be engaged, proposed uniting our schools, saying she would hear the scholars recite their lessons, keep all the records, and, by so doing, allow me several hours of leisure for the furtherance of my plan. I was much struck with the obligingness of her proposal;—she also undertook to mention it to the parents, and obtain their acquiescence.

All was soon arranged; Miss Kent became my fellow-labourer and coadjutor, and I purchased the unworthy right

of devoting myself to my plans. I am not superstitious, but I fully believe that every dereliction from duty brings its own penalty. Had I dealt wisely and fairly, I should have resigned and left them to procure another teacher. As it was, I gave my scholars only a sufficient portion of my time to save appearances, and entrusted the high and important office to a person who, I knew in my heart, was inadequate to it, and suffered my own interest wholly to absorb me.

The school visitors were well satisfied with the outward display occasionally got up, and, while the very life and soul were wanting, the school assumed the name of an "Academy for teaching Young Ladies and Gentlemen every branch of modern education."

I must now explain to you why my new plan of becoming a landholder and farmer had taken such strong possession of my mind. Ellen and myself had grown up like brother and sister. A nearer connection had never entered my thoughts, but a new leaf was opened to me—I had learnt, far away from her, that I loved her with a love surpassing that of a brother. She was the companion of my waking thoughts, and nightly visited my dreams. I now constantly asked myself if there were any hope of obtaining such a companion for life, and my reply partook of the variety of moods which belong to passionate attachment. My fears were stronger than my hopes. I remembered how clear-sighted she had been to my failings, and with what calmness, almost indifference, she had parted from me. I magnified her beauty and attractions. It appeared to me that every young man of her acquaintance sought her for a wife, and how could I, whom she had so often laughed at, and admonished, hope to obtain such a prize? At least I would convince her that I had more energy of character than she had given me credit for—would build a comfortable log house and get my farm under weigh, and then I would say to her, "Ellen, all this I have done for you: come and take possession."

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In February I first began my operations. I had only to make known my intentions to interest my neighbours ; the timber I had selected was conveyed to the spot where my house was to be placed—and that spot was in the centre of the grove of forest trees, which I had now made my own. My prairie land was on the south side adjoining, and a more beautiful building site could hardly be found in town or country.

One circumstance I must not omit to mention. It was necessary to cut down the girdled tree, and I resolved to place my house where it stood. The very man who in the bitterness of his heart had *girdled* it, as a cunning way of revenging himself, was now one of the busiest in cutting it down for my convenience, saying, with a good-humoured laugh, he “reckoned beforehand.” It still looked fresh and green, but its decay was sure, and anticipated by the stroke of the axe. All ill-will, all hostile remembrances were banished. By the aid of a *Bee*, my house and smoke-house, for the last is as essential as the dwelling-house, were up in a few days. I had provided a “*power of rail*,” for fencing, from my own timber, conscientiously refusing to borrow of Uncle Sam.

In March I hired assistance, and fenced in as many acres as I had any prospect of cultivating faithfully. The climate was now spring-like, and it was time to break up my land. The weather being moderate, the activity of my present life had greatly contributed to my health of mind and body. I lost the pale, almost sickly hue I had contracted by sedentary habits, and exhibited a cheerfulness and gaiety really new to me ; a new life had begun within me, and new hopes and prospects sprung up in my heart, notwithstanding occasional moments of despondency. I gave Ellen an account of my proceedings from time to time—of the new division of the school—of my co-partnership with Miss Kent ; but I forbore to say how inadequate I thought her to the place, or how little

congeniality there was between us—for I knew Ellen would at once have condemned the coalition.

Surely we ought to prize those friends on whose principles and opinions we may constantly rely—of whom we may say in all emergencies, “I know what they would think.” Ellen was such a one to me—a sort of second conscience. Had I been face to face with her, I could have concealed nothing; but now I did by her as by myself—shut my eyes upon what I could not approve.

I hired of earlier settlers four yoke of oxen, and went to work to break up my land. I had only seen this operation in New England, where the soil is compact and rocky. Here there were no large stumps in the prairie, only *red root*, which is easily cut off. I hired my four yoke of oxen at two dollars per acre—turning the sward about two inches deep—putting in a crop of corn—that is, dropping about four kernels four feet apart, and covering them with the soft soil. At the same time I dropped in melon-seeds, which is common here among the farmers.

I was heartily tired of boarding round at a dollar per week, and determined to make my house habitable, and have a home of my own. The general mode of building a log-house consists of one room, which is kitchen, sitting-room, and bed-room; but I exercised my ingenuity in having a bed-room separate.

I had but little plunder to get in; my purchases were few, and I merely procured what was absolutely necessary. I could not but remark the kind interest Miss Kent took in my arrangements; and her advice was important to me, as women have more knowledge than men in what relates to household matters.

At length all was ready, and I took possession of my house. There are many who have felt as I did the pleasure of a home of their own; but mine was greatly heightened by the hope of its becoming the abode of domestic happiness. I knew

Ellen's tastes, and I made many little arrangements that I was sure she would approve of.

I fenced in a little spot for a garden, and planted it with flowers—making an arbour of grape-vines in the centre. Miss Kent approved of all my little fancies, and took pains to procure me flower-seeds, which she said produced her favourite plants. I did not neglect the more solid requirements of a farmer; I bought a sufficiency of bacon, corn, and Indian meal to live on, till I could have the proud satisfaction of supplying my wants from my own farm. And all this I had accomplished by May. My cottage made a tolerably neat appearance. I had gone to a trifling expense in ornamenting it, which relieved the roughness of timber and clay. My visitors remarked, jocosely, that I had furnished it in *pairs*—that it was easy to see that there would soon be a *mate*.

A labourer who settles at the West after May has a season of leisure; if a poor man he goes round to day-labour and works for other people. For *working at a crop* they give him a certain proportion, perhaps fifty or sixty bushels of corn, or he may get a horse or a cow or any other live stock which he most wants, instead of grain. I proposed to the parents of my scholars, receiving my compensation for teaching in this way, much to their satisfaction; for nothing is so difficult to procure amongst them as money.

I had managed my money concerns so well that I had still part of my capital remaining, and was wholly free from debt.



## THE LOG CABIN.

### Part Third.

THE time had now arrived when I might write freely to Ellen, and accordingly I penned my letter. I told her how unconsciously I had loved her from my boyhood, that my deep sense of her superiority had blinded me to the nature of my own emotions. In short, my epistle was a real love-letter—one prompted by the strength and depth of my feelings. I then stated my purchases;—the prospect I had before me of a comfortable living, and conjured her to return a favourable answer.

I copied it, for there are many errors in a first love-letter; and I was not cured of my vanity in the art of chirography.

After depositing it in the post-office, I hastened back. How my heart beat as I hurried home to read my rough copy over! *Home!*—never did that word convey to me such happiness. I could now shut my door upon all the world—not a human being had a right to intrude upon my solitude! With a light and bounding step I arrived at my door, and lifted the wooden latch. To my surprise, I beheld my coadjutor, Miss Kent, hastily replacing the copy of the letter I had been writing to Ellen, and had carelessly left on my table.



If there was aggression on either side, it seemed to be on her's, and so I felt as I approached her ; she had intruded herself into the home which I had just considered so inviolable, and where I had so confidently repaired to read over Ellen's letter which I had just copied. Yet when she turned round I became confused and embarrassed. The secret of my love for Ellen was no longer mine alone.

We stood looking at each other in silence ; there was an expression in her countenance I had never seen before ; it was commanding.

"Mr. Green," said she, "I suppose I ought to apologize for reading a letter which lay upon your table ; but it is useless, the deed is done. You have basely deceived me !" and, to my astonishment, she burst into tears.

I never could see a woman weep without a strong inclination to join her, and I said in a tremulous tone, "I am wholly unconscious of having deceived you in any way."

She composed herself, and sat down, and I took *the other* seat—for as yet my paradise contained but two chairs.

"You say you have not deceived me ; in what way could I interpret your whole conduct, but into an avowal of particular interest ? You have accepted my offers of service, and in many instances requested them. You have insinuated, and even expressly said that my opinion, in the arrangement of your house and garden, was of the greatest consequence to you. You desired me to select plants and garden-seeds, such as I particularly liked ; and you have more than once said that it was one of your pleasures to look forward to the agreeable hours we might pass together."

Was it possible I had said and done all this ? It was too true ; I could not gainsay it. Let not a man receive favours from, or intimately frequent the society of a *female* candidate, who dreads an entanglement.

It was in vain to talk of my respect, my friendship, my

gratitude—she evidently thought these replies insulting. I then pursued the only course in my power ; I related to her my early intimacy with Ellen, and tried to make her comprehend the deep affection that had grown up in my heart.

“And yet,” said she, interrupting me, “you never discovered its nature till long absent from her : how do you know but when you meet her you will return to your former state of feeling ? You are doubtful whether you can inspire her with the affection you now think you entertain for her ; at any rate you have done her no injury—you never expressed any wish for a nearer relationship. She is in the midst of her early friends, and probably would reject the idea of coming to a new country, and living in a log house. Not a person in Cassius doubts your interest in me ; our pursuits are similar. I know that I have been educated in a frivolous manner, but I am young enough to improve ; I have already formed new views of domestic life — I have thrown away the worthless trinkets that you disapprove, and it is in your power to secure a faithful and devoted wife.”

I looked at her with surprise ; her whole manner and deportment seemed changed. I had taken too little interest in her to observe the recent simplicity of her dress ; but there was a dignity, a straightforwardness that astonished me. The expression of her countenance was almost fine—and it seemed to me that if her dishevelled locks were neatly braided, she might be pretty. There was truth in her observations. I had paid her a selfish attention, that both she and others had mistaken. If all Cassius believed in our betrothment, it was a serious injury I had done her—for Cassius was her world. I had not pledged myself to Ellen ; the letter had been but just deposited—the mail was not made up till morning—it was not too late to recall it. I was wholly doubtful as to its reception : here was a fond, believing, trusting woman, ready to bestow her hand—her heart

was already mine. I had thought her a simpleton—she came upon me with a power of intellect that astonished me ; and was her passionate attachment to me to be counted as nothing ? I might have shown her too particular attentions—but men often did so without winning a devoted heart.

Such was my rapid mode of reasoning. Mary, I had long familiarly called her ; but now I said, “ *Dear Mary*, you have placed this matter in a new light—be comforted—it is not too late to recall the letter.” “ *My own Henry !*” said she, leaning her head on my shoulder. I protest I was alarmed ; and, hastily rising, I said, “ I will go to the post-office, and see you again this evening.”

We quitted my *paradise* together ; and this time I did not forget to lock the door, and put the key in my pocket. When we parted, I did not immediately go to the office ; my thoughts were in confusion—I was doubtful how far I had done wrong, and what was my right course. In passing by the mill-stream, I lingered on the edge of the calm, placid bosom of the water—I bathed my heated forehead in it, and fervently prayed for divine assistance to see the right, and pursue it. With more composure I pursued my walk, and reached the office. “ I have come,” said I, “ to recall the letter I have put in.” “ Too late,” said the master ; it started just one hour ago.”

“ You told me,” said I, “ it did not go till to-morrow.”

“ Well, I reckoned ; but the roads is so bad, there is nothing reg’lar ; it’s gone, no how.”

My fate was sealed ; I was every way a deceiver. The noble Ellen, that I would have died to serve, might now well reject one so involved in error. It is true, I might write again—but what could I say ? Then it was possible, even probable, that she might reject my offer. How deeply must a man be involved who can only escape by the very means which make his misery !

The face of nature was changed to me. The setting sun was reflected on the bosom of the little lake, just as I had often admired it ; but now I saw no beauty in the scene. I wished it were deep enough to drown me—but two or three feet—no ; I should not have resolution to meet a fate I could so easily avert. And then the future, the dreaded future ! I did not plunge, but I stooped and bathed my burning brow, just as I had done before—and, like the Hindoo who worships at the same stream, my former invocation returned to me. There is a soothing holiness in prayer. I ask not whether God bows the heavens and comes down to us, or whether our hearts ascend to him—The Father is with us !

What would I not have given for the counsel of a judicious friend ? Squire March was the only one that arose to my mind ; he was not just the one I could have wished, but he was honest, sensible, and humane.

I went to him, and told my story : he believed, as every body else did, that I was preparing the house for the school-mistress, and seemed inclined to give me no quarter. “ Make up your mind to it at once, my boy,” said he. “ It was something the same with my old woman and me ; she took a liking to me, and so we were married.” This confession revealed to me the history of his defects ; he had married a woman he did not love—and, though he was made in one of nature’s noblest moulds, she had been a drag upon his spirits. He had ceased to struggle against her indolence and want of neatness, and, except in the real integrity of his character, had lost, rather than gained, in his pilgrimage through life.

I described to him the character of Ellen ; he grew interested in her, and finally exclaimed, “ How could you court that piece of patchwork, when you might reckon on such a gal as that ?”

“ I never did court !” I exclaimed.

"Well, I suppose you promised to marry her?"

"Never!"

"Maybe a sly kiss now and then?"

"Upon my honour, I never, voluntarily, touched the hem of her garment."

"What the devil's the matter then?"

I told him every circumstance, I did not disguise the selfish manner in which I had accepted her services, and how foolishly I had asked her advice, now and then saying civil things.

God has made man to be a brother to man, if we will only place confidence in each other. Never shall I forget the manner in which this son of the western wilderness replied to me, when I entreated him to advise me as he would a son or brother.

"I would willingly do it," said he, "but arter all, our conscience must be satisfied, or it is good for nothing;—a man may put a plaister on, but the wound is there, and I reckon you want to get rid of the smart."

"I do indeed," said I: "if I knew what is my duty, I think I shall have courage to pursue it."

"Very well," said he, "what 's the damage to the gal?"

"She says all Cassius think we are going to be married."


"That 's true, but how can you help it if she has told them so? She promised my little Bet she should be one of her bride-maids."

"You think then she spread the report herself?"

"Sartain."

"But my dear friend," said I, looking very sheepish, "I have had the misfortune to engage her affections. She told me as much as that her happiness was gone for ever, and that if I deserted her she never would marry."

Squire March gave one of his shouts, with the never-failing slap on the shoulder.



"The first time I see you I said you was *green*, and now I say you are green by name and green by nature. And so you expect to be the death of her?"

"I feel pity for her."

"Why man, don't you know she was playing?"

"Playing! I don't understand you."

"Why, she was here three years ago with four or five of 'em, all play-actors—rare fun it was;—they did it to the life, but she was the best of the whole."

"Can it be possible!—And yet you send your children to her school?"

"Why not?—she is accomplished."

"I never heard a syllable of all this."

"I expect not, we have something to do besides mustering up old stories. You are lucky that she has got no hold of you, or she might have served you as she did t'other chap,—Bill Brown."

"How do you mean?" said I, all in amazement at this new development.

"Why, she made him sign a bit of paper, and so she prosecuted him for breach of promise; but the legislature gave her small damages 'cause it was proved that he was kind of non compos."

Here was a new blow for my vanity. How I detested the woman! and yet with it all I was greatly relieved. I determined to fulfil my promise of seeing her that evening, and do all that I thought justice required.

As I left Squire March and walked towards the dwelling of my inamorata, I revolved in my mind the different emotions I had gone through in the course of a few hours. My reverence for myself was not increased, for I saw I was a complete dupe, partly to my own vanity—this sin of my nature. Then again my heart arose in gratitude to the Father of good. I had fervently besought him to show me light, and had he not revealed to me the path of duty? I went half a mile out of my way to

look again at the smooth, glassy sheet of water, and it seemed to me that a mighty spirit moved over it.

I found Miss Kent waiting to receive me—the ringlets in full curl. Her ridiculous mannerism was never more striking;—the tragic acting had passed away.

As soon as I entered I told her that I went to recall the letter, according to my promise, but I was too late. It had gone.

She seemed thunder-struck, but assumed the tragedy air and tone at once.

“It is of no consequence,” said she, “you can easily write another which will get there nearly as soon.”

“I have no intention of doing it;—I suffered myself to waver this afternoon, but I waver no longer.”

She would have gone over her former course of reasoning, but I stopped her short, and said mildly,

“Mary, I thank you for your good opinion, but, beyond friendship, it was unsought by me; and I now wholly relinquish it.”

She had recourse to tears; but this time they did not move me.

“The only injury, in my own conscience, that I have done you, is accepting your services in the school; *those* I am bound to recompense; I make over to you my share of the whole quarter.”

I saw this compensation had a soothing effect.” I continued; “I shall now do what I ought to have done at first—*resign*. Henceforth you nor I can be deceived—let us part in Christian good-will, and meet civilly when we meet.”

She undoubtedly perceived, from the change of my manner, that I had made new discoveries. For she said, in her tragedy tone, “I have enemies! I perceive your mind has been basely influenced. Squire March never liked me; he has twisted my innocent, light-hearted gaiety into crimes.”

“I have always found Squire March a most candid and just

man ; my present feelings are the same as I expressed to you at first. I suffered myself to waver, I confess ; *why*, you know. But all this is useless ; I thank you for your past kindness"—and, bidding her good evening, I left her. In the course of a fortnight I sent her my part of the school profits ; and thus ended our anything but *romantic* affair.

Though greatly relieved, still I was far from being at rest. It was some time before I could receive an answer from Ellen ; and then it might be such a one as would blight all my future prospects. I now felt, more and more, how deeply and intensely I had ever loved her. I remembered my indignant sensations when Leonard Howe professed his intention of offering himself, and begged me to make interest for him. Not even his after violations of all law, of honour and honesty, excited in my mind such turbulent emotions. I remembered how awkwardly I fulfilled my promise, and how scornfully Ellen answered ; and well she might—for I did my mission most clumsily. I had hitherto been in a dream—I understood but little of my own nature ; but I had now awoke, perhaps too late—my happiness might be wrecked for ever.

I had still reason enough to know that I must not sit idly down, indulging these thoughts. There was much to do ; I had relinquished my school, and I must now turn my attention to manual work. I made up my mind to it at once, and determined to go round to day labour. The restlessness of my mind was relieved by the activity of my body—and I certainly rose in the estimation of the Cassius farmers, when they saw how well I could work at a crop. More than once I heard them say, they "had no notion the schoolmaster was such a smart hand."

As I had to lay in my stock, we agreed well ; one could spare half-a-dozen pigs, another a tolerable horse, and another a cow ; in short, I found myself in as thriving a situation as any young farmer could expect to be, who had begun as I did.



It is hard to be temperate even in our laudable pursuits. I had but one idea—that of surprising Ellen with my flourishing situation; for this purpose I neglected to take such precautions as were suitable to my constitution and early habits. My desire was to accumulate, to grow rich. The man of millions had no stronger principle of accumulation than I had.

A profitable offer was made me for helping work on a farm, partly under water. It was ten miles distant; and it was necessary to be out early, and return late; but I was to have seventy barrels of corn to the acre. The temptation was irresistible. In the first place my vanity was somewhat flattered—it was only first-rate labourers that received such gains; and then the restless and feverish state of my spirits hurried me on. My good and wise friend, Squire March, advised me strenuously against it; he talked of the “ager”—but I did not believe in it, and went manfully through my agreement.

He was right; this disease of many parts of our country now attacked me—at first not violently; the crops were pretty much over, and I had leisure for a few fever fits. I rather enjoyed the idea of being sick at home. I thought I would pass my time in self-culture; I would read, I would write; I would make myself more worthy of Ellen—for I had by this time persuaded myself her answer would be favourable. My stock of books was small, and I had read them over and over again; I had two or three of Scott’s novels, which I had bought of a travelling pedlar. I was familiar with every word, but my new prospects gave them a new interest. I compared Ellen to his heroines—found them all inferior to her—as for lovers, they were only willing to lay down *one* life for their mistresses—I would have given half-a-dozen, if I possessed them, for mine. In the midst of my heroics, came a more violent attack of ague than I had yet experienced; after shaking and shivering a few hours, it was followed by a few more of fever and delirium.

My kind friend, the Squire, was not unmindful of me ; he did not say, as some comforters do, "I told you so ;" but he sent one of his men to stay with me till the spell was off.

The next day I was weak, but free from all pain ; and I determined to compose a sort of homily—setting down remarks which seemed to me useful in a new country. I began with advising every new settler to wash his face and hands when he came in from labour, before he ate ; and went on to other minutæ still more personal ; suddenly I recollected my circular—a pretty hornet's-nest I shall prepare for Ellen. I threw my pen aside—but I was in a writing humour—and I again resumed it, and began to set down more general remarks. I do not mean to inflict them on you—but I hope you will have patience with the specimen I subjoin.

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Never engage to perform what requires another person's co-operation ; you can only answer for yourself.

Let us expect nothing from chance ; but all from our activity and industry, and the blessing of God.

Learn to esteem your fellow-creatures as men—as such honour them, whatever is their outward situation.

A man who accustoms himself to buy superfluities, is often in want of necessities.

Avoid the law—the first loss is generally the least.

For everything you buy or sell, let or hire, make an exact bargain ; and do not deal with a man who uses this phrase, "we sha'n't disagree about trifles."

It is difficult to be idle and innocent.

If we would have the kindness of others, we must put up with their follies.

Sin and debts are always more than we take them to be.

Books and conversation furnish only tools—our own minds must enable us to work with them.

Reflection is to the mind what digestion is to the stomach.

From your own errors, weaknesses, and mistakes, learn charity for others.

From your own want and sufferings, learn sympathy for others.

No people complain so much of selfishness as the selfish.

I know young men, who think it a sufficient apology for the neglect of important matters, to say, "O, I forgot," and yet they never forget any appointment of pleasure or interest.

A man who is able to employ himself innocently, is never miserable. It is the idle who are wretched. If I wanted to inflict the greatest punishment on a fellow-creature, I would shut ~~him~~ alone in a dark room, without employment; and yet how many might as well be in a dark room, for all the good they do in the world.

Never borrow anything you want often; if it is in your power, buy it—if not, learn to do without it.

No man is so poor but he can have a liberal spirit, and no man is so rich but he can have a mean one.


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This way of giving counsel satisfied my desire of teaching, and at the same time I was conscious it would offend nobody at Cassius; some would not understand it, and still fewer take it to themselves.

I determined to write a whole book of maxims, and did not doubt but Ellen would furnish one-half when she came. I would have a neat edition published at my own expense, to introduce it to the western world, and then leave it to make its own way.

Fortunately for my purse I never went beyond a few pages: indeed, I believe now the whole plan was an hallucination of fever and ague.

I pass by the tedious alternations I went through of heat and cold; my strength was at length wholly prostrated. Now, indeed, I found that God had made us of one family;—I was surrounded by brothers and sisters. It was a season of leisure,



the crops planted and the fencing done ; and many a rough, kind-hearted farmer came to cheer me, and tell me " not to mind it," that he himself had " a more cu'rous time of it at first," that " I should grow fat and stout, and have all the better health when it was over."

And then their wives came and brought me cider apple, sauce to tempt my appetite, and spoke, not in the soft low tone said to belong to woman ;—Shakspeare had never visited Cassius ! They had a shrill nasal manner of pouring forth their enquiries which almost split my poor head open, but they were all kind and I tried to bless them. Then too came many of my former pupils,—boys with their bright animated faces full of life, and limbs full of motion, and they would sit quietly for hours by my side, heaping on bed-clothes in my chills, and handing me cold water in my fever fits.

Nor must I forget my female scholars, who brought the beautiful wild flowers of the prairie, and said with young, musical voices, " School-master, is there nothing that we can do for you ?"

" Yes, dear children," I said, " pray for me, as I have often done, and will continue to do, for you."

But where was Ellen's answer to my letter, and what had become of my impatience ?

I thought of her, it is true, as a good and kind angel, but my ideas were all confused, my feelings benumbed. I believed we were never to meet in this world, and I was resigned.

Is it not a gracious order of providence that resignation generally comes with pain and wasting strength ? I verily believe that at this period I thought less of Ellen than of my dear grandmother. To see her again, to lay my head in her lap as when I was a boy, to feel again the love and confidence of a trusting child ;—and this was near, it might be to-night, or to-morrow !

My disorder had taken an uncommon form : it was a decided typhus fever, and the most experienced began to think there

was extreme danger. Squire March said it was time a doctor was sent for, and he went himself to the next settlement, ten miles off, and brought one. I doubt not his remedies were judicious, for under his care I began gradually to recover, my mind became more clear, and though I was yet unable to move a limb, I awoke to perfect recollection.

"My dear friend," said I to Squire March, "is it not strange that I get no answer to my letter to Ellen?"

"How do you know that one in your chest isn't from her?"

"I did not know there was one there."

"I put it away myself lest it should be lost."

The letter was brought and opened; I tried to read it, but I was too weak, and my sight too dim to distinguish a word, wait I could not, and my good friend, who was already a confidant, offered to do his best.

Never was there such a reader for an answer to a love-letter;—his remarks I shall put between parentheses.

He began with a loud, harsh voice;—"My dear Henry," then stopping short, said, in a still louder tone, ('do I speak loud enough?')

"Quite," said I, "a little lower if you please."

He then made a second clearing of his throat, and went on.

"I am less sup.—sup" ('what the deuce is this?—O!') "sup-rised—at your ignorance" ('that's honest faith') "of your own feelings towards me than at mine towards you."

('Now I don't know,' said the Squire, 'whether this word comes into the upper or lower line.')

"I can only quot" ('then there's an e comes all by itself') "your words, 'I have loved you from childhood,' and I will willingly share your" ('now I can't make out that next word—O! I see') "fortin', be they good or bad."

Another tremendous clearing of the throat came; I could bear it no longer—I was in a cold bath.—"I am too weak to hear the rest," said I; the answer seems to be favourable—I

will wait till I can read it myself." "Yes," said he, "she seems as ready as my old woman was—they are all alike; well, I'll put it in the chist again." "No," said I, "I will take it." I could hardly wait for him to go out before I pressed it to my lips, to my heart, and shed tears of exquisite happiness. From that time it was deposited under my pillow, or next to my heart.

Several days passed before I was able to read the letter, even by portions; at length, however, I comprehended the whole. She spoke of her affection with noble frankness—alluded to her former petulance, as she called it, as one of its proofs. She said the conversation which took place about Leonard Howe had convinced her that I never could share in her feelings, and she determined that I never should know them; and yet, after my departure, she was harassed by the idea that I had fled from her ill-judged attachment, and probably in kindness to her; but she would revert to these painful thoughts no longer. She went on to inform me that I should not receive a portionless wife—she had a hundred dollars, (this seemed the magical sum), which her mother, of whose death she informed me, had left her. She had, with this sum, opened a small shop, and had nearly doubled it. Her letter concluded thus: "You say you only wait for my permission to come on for me;—well, dear Henry, I do not give you my permission yet; I have my little business concern to settle, without loss, and I cannot say how soon I may accomplish it; I will write to you when I know. In the meantime continue to write to me often—we will not now regard *postage*, for we shall be rich together."

Such was the tenor of the letter; what must she think of my long silence, and still I was not able to write.

On the evening of the day on which I had, for the first time, read every word of the letter, I lay quiet on my bed, thinking pleasant thoughts; the door was open (for it was August), and the moon shone bright into my room, and only

window. Some one entered—this was so common that I scarcely remarked it—but, as he approached the bed, his air reminded me of Mr. Collins.

“Who is it?” said I, in a feeble voice.

“Be not alarmed, friend Henry—it is thy old acquaintance, Ezra Collins.”

Yes, it was he.

“To-morrow,” said he, “I will tell thee how I came here ; to-night our meeting is sufficient for thy strength.”

This conversation was judicious and soothing ; he was careful not to excite me—and he succeeded—my night was tranquil, and I awoke stronger and better.

The next morning he came again early. He smiled as he looked around my cabin ; no doubt it seemed desolate to him. “Have you heard from Ellen lately?” he enquired.

I told him the circumstances of her letter, &c.

“I know more of her than thou dost then—I have seen her.”

“Is it possible ! when, and where ? pray tell me.”

“Nay, keep thyself calm ; she heard of thy sickness at her distant home.”

“How could she hear of it ?”

“A pedlar, who sold thee books last Spring, happened—no, I will not speak thus—was Heaven-directed to her little shop. He was communicative—spoke of his travels in the Far West, and finally named Cassius. She asked him if he knew one Henry Green. ‘Very well,’ he said ; ‘poor young man, he was very low when I left there, three weeks ago—but he may now be better, for I have not heard of his death.’ Ellen closed all her concerns in her native town, in one day, and set off for New York. She came to me and made herself known, and told her story. I remembered well thy account of her virtue and goodness. I read thy letter to her ; I asked her what was her intention ; she said to come on to Cassius—and begged me to procure her the proper directions. I thought

over the matter, and then said, ' Friend Ellen, thou shalt not go alone ; I have long wished to see the prairies of the Western country ; I will be thy conductor. Canst thou not guess the rest ? ' ”

“ Where is she now ? ” I exclaimed.

“ Would you see her ? ”

He called, “ Ellen.”

She entered from the inner room, and in a moment was kneeling by the side of my bed ! we neither of us spoke ; her sobs were audible. My wan appearance deceived her—I could hear her articulate, “ God support me ! ”

Mr. Collins remained long enough to see Ellen united to me in holy bonds. “ I have taken the place of father to her,” said he, “ and I will not leave her till I have given her into the care of her husband.”

Poor Ellen ! hers were melancholy bridal. I was bolstered up, and the ceremony was performed. Squire March and his wife were the only spectators. From that hour Ellen, with all her blooming health, her beauty, which struck every one, her energy, her principle, her goodness, became the tender and devoted nurse of her sick friend. God blessed her labours ; a good nurse is of more importance than a physician. The hours passed rapidly. She sat by my bed, read to me in my grandmother's bible, and often sang sweet and soothing hymns. With suitable care, with proper diet, I rapidly recovered. My sickness had diminished my little capital, as I thought, but Ellen now confided to me the bridal present made her by Mr. Collins. It more than covered all the extra expences of nurse, a man to take care of the *stock*, &c.

By November I was a *well man*, and able to assist in gathering in my crop of corn, which I had planted under such doubtful circumstances. My hay, for my cattle, had been previously cut—and some of this I did not hesitate to borrow from Uncle Sam, as it would otherwise have been lost. My neighbours assisted me in all this, by two or three *bees*—also



in making my cribs, and getting my corn into them, and covering the whole with boards. My stock were all well provided for, and could return nightly for provender—they live much in the woods. The prairie grass is full of rushes, which make good feed for the cattle, till the ground is covered with snow.

It is a great mistake, endeavouring to own a very large farm; the landholders are inclined to run into this error, and often purchase more than they can fence in or cultivate. Their idea is to cultivate and sell out. A farmer who goes upon this speculating plan seldom grows rich or lives comfortably. *Home happiness* hardly comes into his account. His house, his stock, even his plunder, are mere articles of trade. One woman told me, with tears in her eyes, that her old man, (he was about thirty-two,) had sold out three times—"and now," said she, "we've got a-going so nicely, I expect he'll sell out in the Spring." Thus does this destructive habit of speculation intrude itself into the most remote situations, and, whether in polite or less cultivated life, saps the foundation of domestic happiness. It is true there is great temptation to this mode of "making haste to be rich," from the facility with which land is brought into culture.

The soil in this part of Illinois, near Morgan county, is a black loam, very rich, from eighteen inches to three feet deep. The land requires no manure. A person told me he had cultivated his land for thirty years, and it continued to bear from fifty to seventy-five bushels of corn to the acre. A boy of fifteen can attend twenty-five acres, and easily produces from the acre this quantity. It would seem, in this respect, as if the settlers escaped the sentence pronounced on the race of Adam.

The upland prairies are healthy. Many buy without any inspection of the sections, and think because they have a water carriage they are fortunate. The consequence is, half of their farm is under water, their trees are garnished with the long,

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pendent moss, and they are annually visited by fever and ague. I have accounted to you for my own sickness ; had I been contented to remain in the upland prairies of Cassius, probably I might have been spared a heavy amount of suffering. No climate can be more healthy than our upland prairies, where I had been fortunate enough to purchase. I throw in many remarks as they occur to me, but I think you will come to my conclusion, that an active industrious man can, in a few years, obtain a comfortable living. I am not anxious to persuade those who are well off to migrate to the Far West ; far from it ; they will find trials and vexations such as they never had imagined ; but I should be glad to convince young men who are struggling for a living, that they may here, in the course of a few years, succeed.

How many stoop to the low arts of fraud, who would spurn at the idea of becoming a day-labourer and earning an honest competency in a land abounding with the luxuries of life ! Does not every public print teem with accounts of forgeries and frauds ? Is there no way of removing these plague-spots ? Is there no way of showing youth the dread perspective—a blasted name, exiles from all that makes life valuable, skulking from honourable men, and, almost invariably, at last doomed to *day labour* in a penitentiary !

It has always been a doubt in my mind whether a man who has a family and is earning a living, even a penurious one, has a right to condemn his wife and children to the struggles and hardships of a new country, a new climate, and unknown people. For himself he is free to choose, but when he becomes the property of others, new duties and new ties await him. It is these kind of itinerant families that bring discredit on new purchases. Scarcely an instance is known of a wife who does not follow her husband by compulsion ; she brings a discontented and repining spirit with her, and is full of sorrowful regrets for her former home, which is

restored to her memory in colours of brightness it never originally possessed.

A friend told me that in sailing from New Orleans to Louisville, the boat stopped for wood at a small log-house, so perfectly wretched in its appearance, that he was induced to question the man why he remained there.

It was nearly inundated by the muddy, dirty waters of the Mississippi, and the unfortunate mother and children were the personification of fever and famine. He said he was a Connecticut farmer;—that he worked hard, and earned little—he had the prospect of a numerous family, and he was advised to emigrate to the new country. After various changes which gradually absorbed all his earnings, he had been permitted to take possession of this spot for little or nothing.

“But, when the river is higher than it now is, you must be flooded.”

“Then we move our plowder up to that corn-house,” pointing to a miserable log-cabin in the midst of moss-covered trees, “and stay till the waters subside.”

“And what recompense do you get for leaving your early home?”

“Why, we have a power of land—when my boys are old enough they will make new clearings, and each will have his own farm, and then the old woman and I will leave off work.”

“I never shall live to see that day,” said the melancholy woman. “We have buried two of the boys in the swamp, and I shall soon lie by the side of them.”

“That is the way,” said the man, bitterly; “she’s always a-fretting.”

As I am upon this subject, permit me to say a few words more.

A man does not labour as hard here as in New England, but he has precisely the same call for industry, economy, and

good principles ; and with these, and health and activity, he can scarcely fail of obtaining a respectable living in the course of a very few years.

As I have before observed, I have no wish to induce those who are tolerably well off to remove to new lands. "A rolling stone gathers no moss," and this old proverb applies, particularly, to these changes ; at the same time, as you request my testimony, and what information it is in my power to give, I do it freely.

After a man has selected his farm, he goes to the United States' government, which is within twenty-two miles of Lancaster. They give him a certificate as soon as it is paid, and, in about four or five years afterwards, a patent of the deed, signed by the President of the United States. I have already mentioned what the subdivisions may be. The whole is six hundred and forty acres, one mile square. This may be subdivided into quarters, and then subdivided into eighties and forties, and, in this, purchasers have the advantage of taking two forties from any part of the section not occupied. He has no taxes to pay on his land till after five years ;—his personal property is immediately subject to taxes. The soil of these sections is a black loam, very rich, from eighteen inches to three feet deep. The ground is easy to clear. He has but little to do except ploughing it,—there are no large stumps or rocks, but what they call *red-root*, which they easily cut off.

In breaking up the land, he puts in his crop of corn—as I before mentioned in my own case—also melon-seeds at the same time. I have before said in what way a poor man builds his log house by a bee ;—a common log house costs him perhaps ten or twelve dollars—how he supplies himself with provisions and stock by his own labour. This last, namely, his cattle, must have a private mark, and, according to law, this private mark must be registered at the county register office. Then if they wander off, every one who finds

them is under obligation to advertise or post them. In the region where I have purchased, a large part of the prairie belongs to non-residents, and the residents have the benefit of the grazing for their cattle. The second year a farmer usually sows wheat in September or October, about a bushel to the acre, which will produce from twenty to twenty-five bushels per acre.

With his superabundance of corn he fattens his stock, which is gradually increasing;—he makes them tempting bargains for the drovers who come along, and are glad to purchase.

I have mentioned the prairie hens; in the Spring the wet prairies are covered with wild ducks, brant, and geese. Vegetables are raised in great perfection; potatoes, squashes, melons, &c., are generally put in with the first crop of corn. Apples and peaches are also abundant. All these things are raised with a small portion of human labour, by a plough and horse, the hoe never being used except in cutting up the dead stalks in the Spring. The soil is susceptible of raising flax, hemp, and tobacco; and, within a few years, some farmers have made sugar from corn-stalks, equal to the best of New Orleans sugar. They take the corn off when it gets to be a little too hard, save the blades for fodder, and the corn-stalk is left for sugar. Their corn-stalks are from ten to twelve feet high, and proportionably large. The Government would pay a high price for hemp raised in the country, as we are obliged to import it from Russia; but there is a difficulty in rotting it.

You may like to know of some of our prices. In 1842 corn was from ten to sixteen cents per bushel, wheat sixty cents, owing to the preceding crop being frozen out, oats ten cents per bushel, potatoes eighteen cents; fowls thirty-seven and a-half cents per dozen; eggs two cents per dozen; pork from one to two and a-half cents per pound; bacon three cents; meal twenty cents per bushel; flour two cents per

pound ; turkeys are not much raised, and are proportionably dear.

The shops, though few here, contain articles of all sorts ; as the goods are imported from Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, they are somewhat dearer than in those places. The women are fond of dealing with travelling pedlars, who always persuade them they have got *bargains*.

A framed house, sixteen by twenty, costs about three hundred dollars—with glass windows. They build of white oak, and often bricks—and the last are as cheap as wooden ones, for they find the clay below the soil on their own farms, and burn the bricks themselves.

The men are hospitable and peaceable, though generally illiterate ; the women great visitors—jumping on a horse in the morning, with a bundle of work, and passing the day out.

I ought to mention some of the disadvantages of our soil. When it rains, even for an hour, it is as adhesive as putty, and a person can with difficulty walk in it without boots. Shoes are taken by it from the feet, and as the *ladies* generally milk the cows, they are obliged to provide themselves with something like boots. But this dries when the sun comes out.

I ought to give some account of our courts of justice. The lawyers in the bar sit, smoking, with their feet in a chair, and in warm weather, with their coats off. The court is opened by a tap of the drum by the sheriff. Witnesses are summoned from the street by the sheriff, who puts his head out of the window and calls to them. They come in loaded with mud, and the court-house and room is often a quagmire.

I think, by this time, you will be ready to say, “enough of these details”—but I give them to you, *on the honour of an Illinois farmer*, merely as matters of fact.—Great reformation has been effected in point of temperance—we have our temperate societies, &c. My wife is looking over my shoulder—she says, you do not mention our beautiful prairie flowers ;

they are indeed most exquisite, and, in point of colour and richness, much surpass our New England flowers. Imagine to yourself acres with every variety of rainbow hue.

Ellen and myself entered upon our first winter in our log-house with grateful hearts. We had the necessities of life, but none of its superfluities. I do wrong to say this, for the country abounds in what the epicure of New England would pay high for.

We often had prairie hens, which I am told are elsewhere called English grouse; we had plenty of quails, and might have feasted on rabbits and squirrels; but Ellen and myself had made pets of these little animals when we were children, and we never could endure the idea of eating them. The melons I had planted with my corn proved fine. It is a species of fruit which is good here.

My wife (how proud I am of that title!) had her festoons of dried peaches, which were converted into various culinary purposes, and often superseded the use of butter, which is one of the expensive commodities.

Venison is plentiful; a whole deer can be purchased in the fall, without his skin (which is a separate article of trade), for twenty-seven cents. I had my smoke-house—no farmer can be without this—and our venison and bacon were the best of their kind.

You will easily believe we had no want of fuel. The tops of the trees which formed our dwelling afforded an ample supply, and had this failed, I had forty acres of timber at hand.

I mention to you these outward circumstances of comfort. They are but little unless made pleasant and useful by good management.

My log house was as neat, as well arranged, as if it had been a palace. Our sleeping room, and eating room, *unlike most log houses*, were wholly distinct; but I am compelled to acknowledge that our eating room was, alternately, kitchen,

parlour, and study ; yet Ellen so contrived it that one occupation never intruded upon the other. My papers were never disturbed. The walls of our house were covered with specimens of my chirography ; but I solemnly protest this was not my doing—Ellen chose to have it so, and I could not object. I have formerly alluded to the dress of my wife, when about her household employments. She still preserved it in defiance of the fashion of Cassius ; she still wore her short loose gown, fastened to her slender waist by a neat apron, a rather short skirt, her shining black morocco slippers, and white stockings. There was a neatness in her habits that the first lady in the land might have imitated.

Man, in living by himself, is too apt to degenerate in this respect ; but who would dare to neglect the paring of a nail, with such an example !

There had been some talk in Cassius about getting a regular preacher. Ellen and myself exerted all our influence for this purpose ; and, about this time, a promising young man stood ready for the office. The great difficulty was to persuade the people that a minister ought to have a regular salary. They were willing to give him his board, alternately, and now and then make him a present of what they did not want themselves—but as to paying money to a minister of the gospel, they “ did not believe in that.”

I did all I could by argument ; but my wife much more by persuasion. She took her knitting and visited all the farmers and their wives in Cassius, and got them to sign—and yet I don't think one of them felt that they were yielding to her influence. She did not manage as I did, simpleton that I was, by talking of reform and improvement. But she said, “ You love your children so well, (innocent, blessed creatures that they are!) that you will not let them grow up without as much care for their souls as you are taking for their bodies.” We soon had worship every Sunday, and then Sunday-schools—Ellen and myself were both among the teachers.



Towards spring I was requested to resume the school, and informed that they had voted to build a brick school-house, of which I was to have the superintendence, with the liberty of drawing on the school-fund to a certain amount.

I hesitated about entering again into an occupation which had cost me much anxiety. I was convinced that I could make a good living from my farm, and doubtful whether better school-masters could not be found; but when I spoke hesitatingly to Ellen, she would not listen to it.

"My dear Henry," said she, "has it not been your vocation from a boy? In what way can you do so much good? Hire men to plough—they are everywhere; but one faithful and qualified to teach the infant mind, and train it to knowledge and goodness, is rare to be found all the world over—and such a one are you! Ah!" added she, smiling, "I am too proud of my husband."

Again I entered upon my former employment, and my scholars joyfully returned. Miss Kent had gone to some other region; but whether in the capacity of school-mistress or actress, I cannot say.

We met every Sunday at each other's houses for a time, but, as the people got engaged in the matter, they determined to put up a meeting-house which would be central, the houses being generally three-quarters of a mile apart. We were too impatient to get into it to wait for seats—so we all met at Squire March's public, and carried our chairs—then set out in procession, men and women each with a chair—the minister with his, heading it. When we arrived, the church was solemnly dedicated; then a hymn was sung which was composed by me, by general request, and Ellen, with her sweet voice, led the female choir.

We had our usual trials in a new settlement. One severe winter I was awoke by the howling of wolves, who, impelled by hunger, had ventured down upon our farm-yard. I rushed

out with a loaded gun and a blazing pine knot ; but too late to rescue some of the sheep, which were murdered.

As our family increased—for the second year of our marriage Ellen was the happy mother of a fine boy—we were obliged to add to our dwelling, and give up our quiet, delightful mode of living to admit an assistant female ; this brought its troubles, but good temper and good management, with proper conformity to the habits of Cassius, did wonders. Our boy we called after our Quaker friend, Ezra Collins.

Our evenings in winter were the time we enjoyed most ; the *distance of neighbours* prevented interruption, and, in stormy weather, we were always alone. You, perhaps, who read this narrative, can hardly comprehend the pleasures of a log cabin. Imagine to yourself a fire-place like a cavern, filled with logs and pine knots all blazing merrily. Ellen, with her work on one side of a table placed before the fire, and I on the other reading aloud to her, yet often stopping to contemplate the innocent countenance of our first-born, our little Ezra Collins, sleeping in his cradle by the side of his mother. The walls were neatly covered with small pictures, and, as I have before observed, specimens of my chirography. A little *dresser* on one side was filled with crockery and bright tin—for pedlars are plenty in this part of the country—and festoons of evergreen (Christmas had passed) ornamented our looking-glass and windows. Our floor was partly covered by a carpet of Ellen's own fabrication ; but whether it was wove or sewed, or when it was done, I cannot say ; I think, however, in her *visiting and receiving* hours, for it was necessary that much of this should go on as essential to our usefulness and popularity.

It was on just such an evening as I have described, that we were enjoying a happiness which wealth cannot bestow. The night was bitter cold without, and still the snow fell heavily—

the wind howled around our dwelling like hungry wolves—but all this made home more precious.

The evening was far gone, and we were preparing for bed, when a sudden shout at the door, of "Halloo there!" startled us; I went towards it and opened it. Mr. Brown, our county jailor, entered. His errand was to ask me to go to the jail with him to see a man who was dying. I said, in reply, that I could not refuse his request if I could be of any service, but, that a doctor or a minister was a more appropriate person.

"But it is you that he wants particularly to see," said he, "he says he can't die in peace without you come."

"I hesitated no longer, but, putting my horse to the sleigh, we proceeded together. As we rode along, I made a few enquiries. He told me the dying man was brought there that night;—that he was a convict escaped from the Sing-Sing states' prison, and only lodged for security by the constable who had taken him, till the morning;—that he was seized with convulsions, and if he know'd anything, would not live till daylight.

"It was humane in you to come out on such a night, and for such a distance," said I; "at least a mile."

"Why the truth is, my old woman made such a to-do about it, that I was a forced to: she said she'd come herself if I didn't."

When we arrived I went to the jail-room; there were several prisoners. It looked desolate enough. Our county jail is a log house within a brick building. The sick man was on a straw bed, with a heavy chain round his ankle. The constable stood by with his pistols in his belt.

The convict lay pale and exhausted, as if in the last stage of cholera. "Is it possible," said I, "that you can suffer this chain to remain on—can you not relieve him from such a weight?"

"He is deuced slippery," said the constable; "this is the

second time he has escaped from the penitentiary ; the first time he stayed his time out, but he pretty soon helped himself back, and now I have got a warrant to help him back, and I don't mean he shall escape again."

The convict groaned piteously, and threw himself from side to side as if in the strong agony of death. "It is frightful," said I, "for a fellow-creature to die in chains!"

Mrs. Brown stood near, weeping. "I have a good comfortable room," said she, "to which he might be removed and die like a christian. Pray, sir, consent ;—when *your* time comes, you will be glad to remember this good deed—it will make death easier to you."

The constable seemed to hesitate. I approached the bed ; "I understood," said I, "that you wished to speak with me."

"Alone! alone!" said he, in a hollow voice. I know not what passed for a few minutes afterwards ; for a conviction came over me which filled me with horror! A sudden expression of his countenance brought certainty to my mind—it was Leonard Howe! The once handsome, animated Leonard Howe!—and there he lay, chained, writhing on a bed of straw, and dying without alleviation! I forgot that he was the victim of his own crimes—I felt only commiseration. I sank into a chair they placed near me.

The pity of Mrs. Brown prevailed ;—he was removed to a comfortable apartment and his shackles taken off. I waited till all was done ; it seemed doubtful whether he would live through it.

When I saw him laid on a more comfortable bed, I approached him and took his hand. "Leonard," said I, "I will spare you the painful necessity of revealing your name—changed as you are, I recognise you."

In a feeble, broken voice, he again begged to see me alone—"I cannot say what I have to say before witnesses."

I now told the constable that I had known him in better

days—that I was his townsman and his schoolmate, and joined in his earnest request that he might speak to me alone.

Suddenly the sick man gave a gasp and threw himself back; we thought he was gone; they poured a spoonful of brandy down his throat (too often the remedy in a new settlement), and, in a moment or two, he revived.

“Now or never,” said the constable; “I shall take my stand at the door, *pistols primed*, remember.”

“My friend,” said Leonard, feebly, “I am not so guilty as you suppose—I was taken in—I was deceived about that business—they are taking me back to solitary confinement—have pity on me.”

“I have, most truly: may God have pity on you; think not of the past, Leonard! O, try to prepare for the summons which awaits you.”

“How is your wife?” said he; “that angel!”

I was deeply moved. “She is well,” I replied; “she will pray for you.”

“O, that I had breath to pray for myself! I am suffocating—air!—air! Open the window!” I opened the only one, by the side of the bed, and tried to raise him up—suddenly, he gave a spring and went through it like lightning.

I believed that it was the last spasm of death. I looked after him—he was nowhere to be seen. I called for help; the constable was refreshing himself with a hot supper; my calls, however, summoned all the inmates of the house;—we rushed out;—the dying man had sprung into my sleigh, and was wholly out of sight.

Every effort was made to overtake him, but without success; for a little while they followed the tracks, but these were soon obliterated by the falling snow.

I know not why it was, for I certainly could not feel that I had done wrong, but yet in returning to Ellen to tell my story, I experienced a sentiment of mortification. She used to say,

in her moments of pettishness, that I was no match for Leonard Howe. I expected she would put on the same half-scornful expression that I used so much to dread. She could not comprehend the excess of his duplicity unless she had been present ; indeed, I fully believed that he must have taken some powerful drug to have produced such temporary effects—probably the lobelia—and gone through a tremendous amount of suffering.

Ellen received me with her usual joyous welcome ; she had hot coffee prepared ; and, seeing me pale and agitated, insisted on my taking it before I made any communication.

At length I began to break the matter. “Ellen,” said I ; “can you conjecture who sent for me ?”

“Not in the least,” said she ; “who was it ? Is he living ?”

“Who should you most dread to see enter our dwelling ?”

“Ah !” exclaimed she, looking absolutely terrified ; “it was Leonard Howe !” and she hugged her infant, who was now in her arms, closer to her bosom. “Is he living ?”

“Yes.”

“Poor wretch !—I pity him—I forgive him—I will pray for him.”

“Forgive him, Ellen ? you use strong language—he has never injured you ; on the contrary, I believe he loved you.”

She made no reply.

I now proceeded to give her an account of the whole scene ; when I came to his escape through the window and the abduction of my horse and sleigh, her indignation knew no bounds.

She called him villain, scoundrel, said the gallows was too good for him. She was no longer the Ellen I was accustomed to see. I took her hand—it was cold—her lips were white.

I threw my arms around her : “For God’s sake, my dear

Ellen, control yourself; this is not like you to yield to such ungovernable passions. Did you not say just now you would pray for the poor miserable wretch?"

"Yes, when I thought he was dying, but now I will——"

"Stop, Ellen," said I, "do not curse him;" for I saw the word trembled on her lips. "He is more a subject for your prayers now, than if he were indeed dying; do not be unjust—he has made this effort to escape from lingering confinement; could you expect a convict, thus condemned, to resist any opportunity which offered? He has not morally added to his crimes by escape—though, from what I can learn, they were tremendously heavy before."

I saw the burst of passion was over: she flung herself into my arms, and wept freely.


Suddenly she exclaimed, "the poor colt! (he was a colt nine years ago) the wretch will have no mercy on him—and he has served us so faithfully—he will drive him till he drops down dead!"

"Do not make yourself uneasy about that, dear—you know the colt does not willingly submit to be over-driven—he has his portion of obstinacy, even with us his best friends; besides, the convict will quit the sleigh—we shall doubtless recover both again."

"Where can he hide himself?"

"I know not; but he is used to subterfuges; and now tell me, Ellen, why you said you forgave him when you thought he was dying?"

"I will tell you all. The evening after I had that conversation with you about him he came and knocked at our door; I went to it as usual—he rushed by me into our little apartment. My mother was asleep in the bed-room which leads from it—her deafness prevented her being disturbed. I said, 'Mr. Howe, this is too late an hour for company, I must request you to take another time for visiting us.'



“ ‘ Henry Green is just gone,’ said he, sneeringly.

“ ‘ Yes ; and I must request you to go too. I am afraid you will disturb my mother.’ ”

“ ‘ O no, I will take care of that ;’ and, to my astonishment, he turned the key of my mother’s door. ‘ I cannot lose this opportunity,’ said the wretch, ‘ of telling you how I dote on you ; promise to marry me, and I will go this moment.’ ”

“ You know, Harry, I cannot counterfeit—I poured forth my contempt, my indignation, in no measured terms.

“ ‘ You love that pitiful, effeminate fellow, Henry Green,’ said he.

“ ‘ Yes, I do love him. I love him because he is every way unlike you—because he has honour, honesty and truth.’ I observed the key had fallen from my mother’s door. I caught it up and put it into my pocket—a thought had struck me.

“ ‘ Let us not debate this matter to-night,’ said I, trying to speak more mildly. ‘ Come to-morrow, and I will answer you.’ ”

“ ‘ No,’ exclaimed he, ‘ there is nothing like the present ; and I now swear, if you ever marry Henry Green, I will pursue you both with vengeance, till I ruin you !’ ”

“ I cannot repeat the horrid imprecations he uttered ; I think he was in liquor—had he not been drinking that evening ? ”

I was breathless, and unable to reply to Ellen’s question, though it was the case. She went on.

“ ‘ Are you afraid of me ?’ said he, looking like a demon.

“ ‘ Afraid of you ? why should I be afraid of you ?’ I had gradually retreated to the entry door—suddenly I opened it, and as suddenly closed and locked it upon him ; I then opened the street door and called for help—rushing out myself, I quickly roused some of our neighbours ; they came in, and Leonard Howe was expelled with ignominy and insult. I told him if he remained in town two nights longer his conduct should be



made public. He left the town, and I have never seen him since. But, Henry, his threats are accomplished this night—our happiness is gone for ever!”

“What do you mean? the *convict*,” I purposely avoided naming him, “will be in no haste to show himself—his only chance is to seek some unknown region.”

“O man! slow of comprehension,” said she, “do you not perceive the consequences of this fatal night? He sent to you, and you went—through you his chains were taken off, and he was left at liberty—you requested to be alone with him—you had him removed to a more comfortable room—you confessed that he was an early school-mate, a townsman. You opened the window, through which he escaped, and you furnished the horse and sleigh by which he effected his purpose. In what court of justice would not these circumstances condemn you?”

I confess I was thunderstruck; strong in my own innocence, I had not for a moment supposed I could be implicated.

I was silent, for I knew not what to say.

“And then,” she continued, “will not the constable gladly throw the blame on you—and, oh, misery! if the wretch is taken, he is vile enough to accuse you as his accomplice. I know not what is the punishment—perhaps the states-prison for life! well, my babe and I will go with you, wherever it is.”

I tried to soothe her, but her vehemence was not to be controlled. It was a revelation of her character of which I had before seen glimpses. I took a different course.

“Ellen,” said I, sorrowfully, “you wound me deeply; I see that a life of undeviating principle cannot secure your confidence—at the slightest cloud which comes over us you have no longer trust in me, and, what is still more melancholy, you have not trust in your heavenly Father. Have I not tried to serve him as well as my humble powers permitted? and now you tremble when my happiness and honour come in

contact with that of a notorious offender. What is the testimony of my fellow-man? nothing! the testimony of such a man as Ezra Collins? will not the jailor and his wife, and every man in Cassius bear testimony to my innocence? our excellent friend, Squire March—is his testimony nothing? On my honour I have not a fear. I foresee some trouble, possibly, but I shall be honourably acquitted, as I was once before, when a poor friendless boy, and had only one man, whom God raised up, to speak for me.”

“You are right,” said Ellen; “God forgive me!”

The storm within our little dwelling was allayed, but without it seemed more furious than ever.

Late in the morning we arose; the snow was above our window, and completely closed the door. I went to work and made a passage out, that I might fodder the cattle. In looking towards the crib, to which the colt had free access, I saw him standing, quietly eating his hay—the sleigh wedged in, to which he was attached, but filled high with snow. I patted his head—and hastened back to Ellen.

“Well,” said I, “the colt has found his way back.” She gave an exclamation of pleasure. “No doubt it was as I predicted: he refused to proceed, and the convict left him to his own obstinacy.”

We made a more cheerful breakfast than we could have expected. Never had our little boy looked more lovingly upon us. Ellen seemed again tranquil.

“I will go and inform Mr. Brown that the colt has arrived,” said I; “he shall be well taken care of, to atone for last night’s adventures. Sam (the plough-horse) must take his turn. I shall have a job to clear the sleigh of snow—but the storm is over, and I may as well go to work.”

I took my shovel and began to clear the snow; seldom had such a quantity fallen in Cassius—Squire March said never since his remembrance; at length I made a clearing round the sleigh—I then began to shovel out the snow—I worked

with perseverance ; suddenly I stopped short—I flung down the shovel, I was paralyzed with horror ; but why prolong the tale?—frozen stiff, lay the wretched convict ! his eyes wide open, glaring upon me—his soul had gone to its dread account !

The circumstances were easily traced out ; he had travelled a number of miles, but, probably, gradually stiffened with cold, had given up the reins. The *colt*, faithful to his instinct, had sought his way home, and found his crib.

Ellen's anxiety was over ; but our hearts were filled with awe and solemnity. It was a lesson she did not forget. I never, from that time, knew her to lose her perfect trust in God—and the great trial of her life, the vehemence of her temper, troubled us no more.

As it is customary to burn the brush, when the grass is dry and ready to ignite without any trouble, it is always necessary to guard against the spreading of the flames. I had hitherto been particular in using all precautions—making a furrow at a little distance from my fences, which enclosed my farm, and another a few feet beyond—burning all the grass and stubble between. This, if thoroughly done, and wide enough, is a good security.

I had done this for successive years, without being endangered : security makes us careless. One warm spring night we received notice that the prairie was on fire. Numbers collected to view the beautiful, the magnificent sight ; Ellen and myself were of the number. We had not proceeded far when we perceived that the wind had changed its direction, and the flames were advancing rapidly to meet us. They came on with frightful violence, roaring like the ocean. I remembered, with terror, that I had not taken my usual precautions. We hastened back to our house—a number of our friends collected, and we provided ourselves with the tops of trees, to brush out the fire ;—we began making a furrow round the farm, but it was too late—on it came, forming

for itself a current of air, sometimes rising high in a magnificent column, then bursting like a water-spout, and falling in innumerable stars—sometimes it ran over the grass like countless serpents, with frightful hissing—the air grew hot and sultry. I saw nothing but destruction around us.

We found that the fences and out-houses must go; we laid waste the grounds around our cabin, and it stood by itself, only protected by the noble tenants of the forest. We had removed our live stock, and waited with silent awe the dreadful advances of the enemy.

Suddenly the wind changed, like the yell of a thousand voices, the monster of flame uttered a shout, and turned its course. Our house was saved!

I had worked with the impetuosity of a madman, and could hardly believe that the danger had past.

In the morning we saw the desolation around us—and how much we owed to the trees that sheltered our dwelling. Their huge tops had bowed down, and their branches contended with the mighty element, and were now black and crusted.

I now felt able to put up a framed house, and Ellen amused herself with drawing plans. She had her New England notions, and said she wanted it something in the cottage form. It was built according to her wishes, with a piazza in front, and stands where the log house stood, shaded by the same trees.

She has now her flower garden, and grape-vines winding around the pillars of the piazza, which is ornamented with rustic flower-pots. In fine weather we eat our meals there with our children sporting about us.

It is now ten years since I came to Cassius;—a pale, sickly-looking lad without patronage—with a hundred dollars, and my father's watch, in my pocket. I am now a hardy, robust man, the father of a flourishing family, and the husband—but I stop my pen, and will only say, that Ellen, at least to my

eye, is younger and more blooming than when she first settled here.

Let me add that I am now one of the legislators of my country, and, I trust, using all my powers for her good. I am still the schoolmaster of Cassius; independent in my circumstances, but not wealthy. Squire March continues to be our faithful and devoted friend, and we constantly exchange letters with Ezra Collins.

In looking back upon my past life, I see that my misfortunes have been, generally, owing to my errors and mistakes, and that my success has been the result of honest and virtuous principles.

We have had, perhaps, more than a common share of happiness, yet I do not forget that we have had our afflictions. In yonder enclosure, where honeysuckles, wild roses, and violets perfume the air, rest, side by side, two of our children.

To this spot, in the still hour of evening, Ellen and myself often repair, not in sadness, but in the joyful hope of a glorious life to come!

THE END.

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"Fichte, the German philosopher, delivered, some forty years ago, at Jena, a highly remarkable course of lectures on this subject: 'Neber das Wesen des Gelehrten (on the Nature of the Literary Man).' Fichte, in conformity with the transcendental Philosophy, of which he was a distinguished teacher, declares, first: That all things which we see or work with in this earth, especially we ourselves and all persons, are as a kind of vesture or sensuous appearance: that under all there lies, as the essence of them, what he call the 'Divine Idea of the World'; this is the reality which 'lies at the bottom of all appearance.' To the mass of men no such divine idea is recognisable in the world; they live, merely, says Fichte, among the superficialities, practicalities, and shows of the world, not dreaming that there is anything divine under them. But the man of letters is sent hither specially that he may discern for himself, and make manifest itself in a new dialect; and he is there for the purpose of doing that. Such is Fichte's phraseology; with which we need not quarrel. It is his way of naming what I here, by other words, am striving imperfectly to name; what there is at present no name for; the unspeakable Divine Significance, full of splendour, of wonder and terror, that lies in the being of every man, of every thing—the presence of the God, who made every man and thing.

"Fichte calls the man of letters, therefore, a prophet, or as he prefers to phrase it, a priest, continually unfolding the godlike to men: Men of letters are a perpetual priesthood, from age to age, teaching all men that a God is still present in their life; that all 'appearance,' whatsoever we see in the world, is but as a vesture of the 'Divine Idea of the World,' for 'that which lies at the bottom of appearance.' In the true literary man there is thus ever, acknowledged or not by the world, a sacredness: he is the light of the world; the world's priest;—guiding it, like a sacred pillar of fire, in its dark pilgrimage through the

waste of Time. Fichte discriminates with sharp zeal the *true* literary man, what we here call the *hero* as man of letters, from multitudes of false un-heroic. Fichte even calls him elsewhere a 'nonentity,' and has in short no mercy for him, no wish that he should continue happy among us! This is Fichte's notion of the man of letters. It means, in its own form, precisely what we here mean."—*Heroes and Hero-worship*, by Thomas Carlyle.

"From this bold and lofty principle the duties of the literary man are deduced with scientific precision, and stated, in all their sacredness and grandeur, with an austere brevity more impressive than any rhetoric. Fichte's metaphysical theory may be called in question, and readily enough misapprehended; but the sublime stoicism of his sentiments will find some response in many a heart.

"But above all, the mysticism of Fichte might astonish us. The cold, colossal, adamantine spirit, standing erect and clear, like a Cato-major among degenerate men; fit to have been the teacher of the Stoa, and to have discoursed of beauty and virtue in the groves of academe! Our reader has seen some words of Fichte: are these like words of a mystic? We state Fichte's character as it is known and admitted by men of all parties among the Germans, when we say that so robust an intellect, a soul so calm, so lofty, massive, and immovable, has not mingled in philosophical discussion since the time of Luther. We figure his motionless look, had he heard this charge of mysticism! For the man rises before us, amid contradiction and debate, like a granite mountain amid clouds and wind. Ridicule, of the best that could be commanded, has been already tried against him; but it could not avail. What was the wit of a thousand wits to him? The cry of a thousand choughs assailing that old cliff of granite; seen from the summit, these, as they winged the midway air, showed scarce so gross as beetles, and their cry was seldom even audible. Fichte's opinions may be true or false; but his character as a thinker can be slightly valued only by such as know it ill; and as a man, approved by action and suffering, in his life and in his death, he ranks with a class of men who were common only in better ages than ours."—*State of German Literature*, by Thomas Carlyle.



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